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Maclean's
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Cover photo by Peter Bregg/Maclean's

Maclean's is published weekly, except for one double-issue at year-end, by Rogers Media 777 Bay St. Toronto Ont M5W 1A7 Contents Copyright© 2000 by Rogers Media, may not be reprinted without permission. Maclean's ISSN 0024-9262 Full subscription prices for one year including taxes Canada $55.08 except Quebec New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia $53.21. CANADIAN POSTMASTER Undeliverable copies and change of address notices to Maclean's, P.O. Box 1600 Postal Station A, Toronto Ont M5W 2B8 Publications Mail agreement 7430930 registration number 08973. U.S. POSTMASTER. Periodical postage paid at Buffalo, N.Y. USPS 106710 Send address changes (form 3579) to Maclean's, P.O. Box 4541, Buffalo N.Y. 14240

ROGERS MEDIA

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The Izzy and Leonard Show

Leonard Asper, backed by his legendary father, Izzy, emerged as the country's new media tycoon, replacing Conrad Black, after the Aspers' CanWest Global paid $3.5 billion for all of Black's major metropolitan Canadian newspapers, and a 50-per-cent share of his prized *National Post*



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Influenced by pop-culture figures like actress Jennifer Lopez, people are messing with Mother Nature as never before, embracing everything from fad diets to cosmetic surgery.

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Rick Wilking/Reuters

George W. Bush, with wife Laura, set out to regain the U.S. presidency for the Republicans with an all-inclusive appeal aimed at broadening his support


Tibor Kolley/Globe and Mail

30 The Chapters saga

The health, perhaps survival, of Canadian book publishers is directly tied to the outcome of the financial struggle being waged by giant Chapters Inc. and its CEO, Larry Stevenson.

From the

Editor

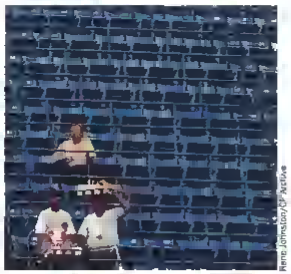


The monied boys of summer

It was a classic night for baseball. The lid on Toronto's SkyDome was open, the setting sun cast an ochre glow and the gentle breezes of a balmy mid-July evening stirred the World Series banners hanging in the outfield. Yet by the time the Blue Jays had secured a convincing victory over the Tampa Bay Devil Rays, the night's attendance was announced at a paltry 18,751. Empty seats abounded in the house that once reverberated to the cheers of 52,000 fans. It was a striking contrast to the days of the Jays' pennant drives, culminating in World Series victories in 1992 and 1993.

The Jays and big-league baseball are not the only ones that have struggled to attract fans and revenue. Canada has lost NHL teams in Winnipeg and Quebec City, the Ottawa Senators are struggling and baseball's Expos are in a fight to survive in Montreal. In the United States, some pro basketball franchises are confounded by a tepid response. "The empty seat has become a symbol for the season," the *Wall Street Journal* proclaimed in an article last April about the woes of the Miami Heat of the National Basketball Association. Although the team was heading for a playoff battle, attendance was so soft that the team had seven times closed off 3,200 seats in the 19,600-seat American Airlines Arena. And even though the town's NHL team, the Florida Panthers, also made it to the playoffs, attendance was sparse.

What is it these days about pro sport? There are a variety of factors. League expansions have broken up old loyalties between stars and fans. Soaring ticket prices have put games out of reach for average families. Those costs have been



Reno Johnston/CP Archive

SkyDome: more empty seats than fans

driven by multimillion-dollar salaries for athletes who have turned themselves into mini-corporations, shuffling from one city to the next in search of the top dollar. Free agency has liberated once-indentured athletes, but it has destroyed the old tradition of building the local franchise around career players. To thrive in today's environment, the front office needs to count on something beyond gate receipts and popcorn sales.

One typical solution is when the team owner also operates broadcasting outlets and uses the games as content on television or radio. That is the case in scores of cities around the world. Ted Turner's Atlanta Braves are a regular feature on his TBS Superstation, the *Chicago Tribune*'s Cubs play on station WGN and in France, three soccer clubs are now in the hands of media companies. Such synergy is behind the expected purchase of the Jays by Ted Rogers, whose multimedia empire includes 2.2 million cable households, Toronto television station CFMT, a 30-per-cent interest in the cable channel Sportsnet, 30 radio stations—and *Maclean's*.

Naturally, nothing overcomes fan apathy so much as a winner. But that is expensive. Last year, the World Series winning New York Yankees had a payroll of $88 million (U.S.), compared with $16.3 million for the Expos. When the Jays won their last Series in 1993, the payroll was $51 million. This year, it is $46.3 million for a team that is struggling to stay in contention. In the big leagues, money talks.

Robert Lewis

response@macleans.ca to comment on From the Editor

Newsroom Notes

Speaking of moguls

No one would accuse media baron Conrad Black of being shy and retiring. He has been striding across Canada's business and political landscape for nearly 30 years, snapping up newspapers the way some people collect hockey cards. He has been on the cover of *Maclean's* eight times and has been the subject of at least 49 other significant stories. Compared to Black, the man who has now eclipsed him as Canada's biggest media mogul—Winnipeg's equally unretiring Izzy Asper—is a wallflower: one previous cover, 12 major stories. Izzy is determined to turn his broadcast and print colossus at CanWest Global over to his younger son, Leonard, who talked about his over-achieving family for hours this week in Winnipeg with Ottawa Editor John Geddes. Chances are, this will not be Leonard's last time on the cover of *Maclean's*—and we surely haven't heard the end of Conrad Black. The cover stories begin on page 14.



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SEVENN THOMPSON JIM MEZON LORNE KENNEDY, BLAIR WILLIAMS, BERNARD BEHRENS AND NEIL BARCLAY IN THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. PHOTO BY DAVID COOPER

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The Mail

Something new

My fiancé and I are getting married on Sept. 30, and we, too, have decided to step outside of the box ("A world of difference," July 31). We are getting married in an outdoor chapel in the woods. There are rustic little benches to sit on and casual attire is welcome. The reception hall is on the property and will be very comfortable, right down to the stone fireplace. Our meal is being served buffet-style and our bar is beer, wine and pop only. It's refreshing to see that more couples are taking up the reins on the decision-making process of organizing a wedding. The most important thing to keep in mind is that the actual wedding is a breeze. It's the marriage that will require a lifetime of patience, understanding and respect.
Kathy Jansen, Tecumseh, Ont.

As a child, I dreamed of walking down the aisle in a beautiful, flowing, white wedding gown. However, being an African-Canadian woman of Guyanese and Barbadian parentage, I decided to do research for myself on the origins of the "white wedding." And I discovered that the white wedding gown originates from my ancestors in Ethiopia. Historian Katherine Jellison attributed the white-wedding craze to *Bride's* magazine, but it has been going on long before she imagined—in Ethiopia.
Hannah N. A. Coward, Ajax, Ont.

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Calgary newlyweds Stojan and Lori Simeunovic, outside the box

Greek Olympics

As a Greek-Canadian, I was offended by the negative tone of your article "Olympic mess" (World, July 24). Bureaucratic delays of some of the public works related to the 2004 Olympics in Athens derive mainly from the Greek government's preoccupation to avoid the same scandals that have bedevilled other Olympic venues. The regrettable murder of a British military attaché in Athens by a small group of fanatics does not make Greece a haven for terrorists any more than the recent attacks on abortion providers here makes Canada one. As for the American accusation that there is a serious problem of terrorism in Greece, let us not forget that the Atlanta Olympics were marred by a terrorist bombing.
Chris Jecchinis, Toronto

In your article on Athens' troubled Olympic preparations, I was mistakenly identified as a member of the International Olympic Committee. In fact, I am a member of the IOC's sport and environment commission and a consultant in "greening" sports events and facilities. I bring this to your attention not as a nitpicker, but because the IOC is doing valuable work in promoting environmental responsibility in sport, and through sport.
David Chernushenko, President, Green & Gold Inc., Ottawa

West coast east

"Summer of celebration," (Special Report, July 10) kindled again the angry fire burning within me and other residents of the west coast of Newfoundland. New industries are "attracting expatriates and newcomers to the region," but that region is not Newfoundland, it is just the east coast of the province. Emad Rizkalla was quoted as saying that "distance is dead" and that he could run his company from anywhere—but he is running it from St. John's. Industry and development are all operating from St. John's. Hibernia's benefits—new call-centres, government initiatives (road construction, jobs, cancer centre) and so on—are all in the capital. There is no development west of there, economically or otherwise. We value our traditional beliefs in enterprise, entrepreneurship and self-reliance. Newfoundlanders are not "laughing" at Premier Brian Tobin; we are waiting for the next provincial election. Perhaps that will wipe the smile off his face.
Christine Abbott, Corner Brook, Nfld.

Allied actions

It is entirely fitting that Jews who had their property confiscated, and the people who were forced to do slave labour during the Second World War, should receive compensation for their losses and for the work they did ("'I lost everything,'" Canada and the World, July 31). Now, it is time to begin restitution for another group of victims. These are the people who were ethnically cleansed pursuant to the decision of the Allied leaders—Roosevelt,

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for more letters

Truman, Churchill and Stalin—to conduct massive population transfers. Some 15 million German citizens of Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary were dispossessed, often on less than 12 hours notice, told to pack one suitcase and leave, often under threat of summary execution. More than two million of them died as a result of deliberate Allied actions after the war had ended. The rest lost everything they had. Now that reparations for Nazi atrocities are being completed, is it time to begin to attend to the victims of Allied atrocities?

Hans Claassen, Edmonton

Trade in misery

The proposed methods to control the trade in "blood" diamonds are as substantial as a zircon's glitter ("Diamonds and blood," Canada and the World, July 31). The actual effect will be to increase their supply:

1. Buyers will be able to purchase them at lower prices.
2. They are small, easily smuggled, feed an industry famed for its secretiveness, and are mostly cut in jurisdictions with little interest in policing trade, or ability to do so.
3. Once cut, they will be indistinguishable from most other diamonds, and thus sell for the same price as certified ones.
4. The net result? Higher profits for those who trade in and cut them.

It is sad that so much suffering is inflicted solely to feed greed and vanity in the most cleverly market-manipulated of all commodities.

John Fisher, Vancouver

Canadian ambassador to the United Nations Robert Fowler remarks: "We watched our fur industry destroyed by a small number of activists." I fail to see the relationship between the trapping and killing of our wild animals for their skins and a political-tribal war fuelled by illicit diamonds. The only thing in common here is blood, this time it's human.

J. H. Fotheringham, Caledon East, Ont.

Facts and figures

It is unfortunate that Allan Fotheringham did not have time to read the final statement of facts published by the Ontario Securities Commission with respect to the RT Capital case before writing his column "A slap on the Royal wrist" (Aug. 7). If he had done so, he would have known that many of the accusations hyped by the media, and which formed the basis for his column, were not in the final statement of facts. For example, the statement spells out that RT Capital had procedures to ensure employees complied with other securities regulations, but that its shortcoming was monitoring high-closing trades. It further states that no one beyond the two portfolio managers and two traders directly involved in the improper trading knew of, or condoned, this activity. In fact, there is not a single mention of fraud or stock manipulation in the statement. The high-closing trades ordered by these four employees were wrong and they were not in the public interest. But the picture of corporate incompetence and complicity first painted in the media was not warranted. In light of these facts, the fines and suspensions contained in the OSC settlement were indeed significant and clearly indicate that all of the parties have taken the matter seriously.

David Moorcroft, Vice-President, Corporate Communications, Royal Bank, Toronto

I cannot believe the meaningless penalties handed out in the Royal Trust scandal ("Breach of trust," Business, July 31). The article could be titled "Want a million? Don't rob a bank, get hired by one."

Stan Stainton, Burlington, Ont.

To a list of the year's top 10 oxymorons, I would add another: Royal Trust.

Bob Allison, Halifax

Feed the children

Diane Francis's article about Bram Appel's contribution to a food program for schools in Ontario ("A better idea for schools," July 31) should give us hope for education in this province, but given Francis's support for the Harris government and its tax-cutting agenda, I can only wonder if she or Appel know what they are talking about. Ironically, as a result of cuts and centralization of power, Francis now seems to long for the quality school system we had before Harris came to office. My daughter goes to an excellent elementary school in Toronto where parents and teachers work hard to makes sure both citizenship and academics are well taught. Unfortunately, Premier Harris's Conservative government does not value small schools and it may soon have to close. Francis wants to have her cake (tax cuts) and eat it, too (small, effective community schools).

Peter Morgan, Toronto

I would love to see Appel's program implemented in schools across our country. I agree that we need to nourish children's minds, bodies and spirits. They truly need to know that they are cared about at school by educators and administrators. I feel that children in our public school system are often treated like second-class citizens. Bram Appel is an inspiration to us all.

Gwen Brown Perrault, Trenton, Ont.

Goodbye to youth

I loved "Why I miss my teens," (Over To You, July 31), Adam Grachnik's views about his fleeting teen years. Childhood is the most special time in life. Being an adult means being saddled with responsibility 365 days a year. You never really have true friendships anymore. You eat the same but you get fat. Eventually, you lose touch with your school friends altogether. Everyone settles into a career. Some get married. Some develop a mania for owning things. Some even die young. It does get more interesting, but it's never as special. How sad.

John Knowles, Calgary

I'm a recent graduate from college and I was disgusted when I read "Why I miss my teens." Is that all the writer can think to do for fun—getting drunk? What about playing sports, hiking, jogging or even playing cards? I watched many of my fellow students stumbling into class every Friday morning, severely hung over, while others had to leave the room to throw up. Is this the kind of image we want to project to future employers or even our professors? Perhaps I'm wrong, because I've yet to "discover myself" in Europe, but then, who needs to, because, lo and behold, I was right here all along.

Bill McCaugherty, Bancroft, Ont.

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Editorial Update

John DeMont, Maclean's Atlantic Bureau Chief

"The Atlantic provinces take up just a sliver of Canada's vast geography, but these four provinces are as individually distinct as their landscapes," notes John DeMont, Maclean's Atlantic bureau chief. "Journalistically the challenge is reflecting that diversity and doing each province justice."



It's a challenge that the Halifax native and longtime resident is more than ready to meet. During his 19-year career as a journalist, DeMont has covered Maritime events, politics and personalities for the *Cape Breton Post* and the *Halifax Chronicle Herald* and for seven years he has been Maclean's East Coast eyes and ears. As well, he's profiled New Brunswick's royal family, the Irvings, in the 1991 best-selling book *Citizen Irving*, and published the literary travel book *The Last Best Place: Lost in the Heart of Nova Scotia*, a tribute to his home province.

"I've worked in Calgary, Toronto and Ottawa, but the Maritimes keep calling me back," says DeMont, "particularly now, as Atlantic Canada goes through a period of immense social and economic change. It's an exciting time to be stationed Down East, reporting on the news and capturing the colour of the region for Maclean's."

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MACLEAN'S, established 1905, is published weekly except for one double-issue at year-end by Rogers Media, 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont., M5W 1A7. Montreal office: 1001, de Maisonneuve ouest, Que., H3A 3E1. Vancouver office: Ste. 300, 1130 West Pender St., Vancouver, B.C., V6E 4A4.
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ISSN 0024-9262. Full subscription prices for one year, including taxes: Canada, $55.08, except Quebec, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, $59.21; U.S.A., $76.00 surface or $173.00 first class; all other countries, $215.00 airmail. Printed in Canada by Quebecor Printing Inc.

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Edited by Shanda Deziel



Marconi: betting that radio would make him famous

Over and Under Achievers

Summer daze

Madonna's moxie, the cruel sea and a spritzer-head packing heat

- **MP Art Hanger:** The Canadian Alliance defence critic explains Canada's navy is "a rough environment made up of rugged people" and may be unsuitable for women. Or is he talking about his party?
- **Madonna:** Goodbye yoga and enlightenment. Hello strippers, pimps, fur and cleavage—in the new video for her CD, *Music*. Nice to see her acting normal again.



Madonna (left) in new video: normal

- **Charlton Heston:** Delegates at the Republican convention learn the NRA president is being treated for an addiction to white wine. *White wine?* Say it ain't so, Chuck.
- **Pete Sampras:** Forget Anna Kournikova. Toronto's Master Series shows Pete is the hottest thing in tennis, even with his shirt on.
- **Paul Allen:** Microsoft's co-founder wastes $11.5 million on a telescope to search for extraterrestrials when Bill Gates is right under his nose.
- **Air rage:** Ottawa hires former NHL referee Bruce Hood as Air Canada Complaints Commissioner. So now we get penalized for boarding?

Overheard

Historical hoopla

Newfoundlanders, to state the obvious, know how to throw a party. Three years ago, they held a provincewide bash to mark the 500th anniversary of the arrival of Italian explorer John Cabot. In 1999, it was time to celebrate 50 years as part of Canada. This year, the big day was July 28, when an armada of replica Norse ships arrived in far-off L'Anse aux Meadows, a millennium after the Vikings are believed to have landed in that very spot. Television coverage from networks around the world made the L'Anse aux Meadows ceremony a public relations coup for the province. So it is no surprise that Brian Tobin's Liberal government is already planning its next soirée—even if the premier himself concedes this one might be a bit of a stretch.

Tobin jokes that the event—the 100th anniversary of history's first long-distance wireless radio transmission—is "the best I can come up with" for the year 2001. The historic message originated in Cornwall, England, on Dec. 12, 1901, and was received in a shack atop Signal Hill in St. John's by **Guglielmo Marconi**, an Italian inventor who was betting that radio would make him rich and famous. (His work in telegraphy would earn him the Nobel Prize in physics in 1909.)

Planning for the celebration is barely under way. Newfoundland tourism officials say one possible event is an international festival of kites—a reminder that Marconi mounted his antennas on a series of weather balloons and giant kites to receive the historic broadcast. But it is still early. And on the Rock, any excuse for a party will do.

John DeMont

The best-seller list of books that never get sold

Sometimes the most popular books aren't at the top of the best-seller lists. With 1.4 million people checking out books every year, the Toronto Public Library has a good idea of what Canadians are reading. Surprisingly, the latest Harry Potter is only No. 4 on their list of the most requested books. The lending lowdown.

Title	Author	No. of copies	No. of holds	Hold/copy ratio
Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets	J. K. Rowling	286	1,505	5.3
No Great Mischief	Alistair MacLeod	156	729	4.7
Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban	J. K. Rowling	270	1,201	4.5
Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire	J. K. Rowling	525	2,099	4
A Good House	Bonnie Burnard	216	598	2.8
The Brethren	John Grisham	424	1,108	2.6
In a Sunburned Country	Bill Bryson	144	265	1.8
'Tis	Frank McCourt	352	418	1.2
Anil's Ghost	Michael Ondaatje	430	425	1
The House on Hope Street	Danielle Steel	423	376	0.9

Source: Toronto Public Library

Ancient Mysteries

Beware of Greeks baring glyphs

Since their discovery in 1954, the origin of 900 rock carvings in Petroglyph Provincial Park, 55 km northeast of Peterborough, Ont., has been hotly contested. The carvings were first believed to be the work of aboriginal shamans, but that was challenged in the 1980s when Harvard professor **Barry Fell** released a study of the carvings pegging them to Scandinavian visitors circa 1700 BC. Many disputed this conclusion, including retired University of Calgary archeology professor **David Kelley**, who dated the carvings to European travellers in 800 BC. But most experts don't believe Bronze Age Europeans could have travelled so far.

Now, amateur historian **Michael Busch** of Sudbury, Ont., is connecting the carvings to ancient Greek mythology. After 13 years of study, Busch, 49, says the carvings link to ancient "sea people" and Egyptians who travelled to North America thousands of years ago—and that an account of the voyage is found in Greek myths. Among his claims is that the Greek Temple Grove—known in Egyptian writings as the Steps of Myrrh—is located in what is today Trout Lake, near North Bay, Ont. The petroglyphs, Busch says, are star maps created by explorers, and the deep stone carvings are moulds for making copper icons of deities. Busch believes his theory will triumph once he has tested copper used in tools found in the Great Lakes Basin against the metal of Egyptian relics. "If the theory is true, it will be proven with the test," he says. "If not, I'll eat the copper myself."



Joe St. Lewis Jr. for Maclean's

Busch: links to ancient 'sea people'

Derek Chezzi

Overbites

"In less than two years, Conrad Black has made a miracle. I can think of no greater miracle in the 20th century than the *National Post*."

—CanWest Global Communications chief **Izzy Asper**, so enamoured with his new acquisition that he appears to have forgotten about the invention of penicillin, powered flight, nuclear energy, space travel, computers—and television

"He's the Canadian league import with the Mexican-sounding name. A NAFTA quarterback. And trust me, they'll feel free to trade him if it doesn't pan out this year."

—**Dennis Miller**, rookie colour commentator for ABC's *Monday Night Football*, on San Francisco 49er **Jeff Garcia**

"Did you ever make it with my father?"

—**John F. Kennedy** to actress **Marlene Dietrich** after he seduced her in his White House bedroom, from the newly published diaries of British theatre critic **Kenneth Tynan**

Smoking strokes

Golf fans had better take a good look at Canadians **Dawn Coe-Jones**, **Anna-Jane Eathorne**, **Gail Graham** and **Lorie Kane** this week. They may all be playing the du Maurier Classic for the last time. The sponsor is withdrawing because of legislation that restricts cigarette advertising, and there is concern among players and organizers that one of the LPGA Tour's four major championships could disappear altogether. Its loss would eliminate the only LPGA event in Canada, not to mention the du Maurier Series satellite tour for aspiring pros. "For Canadian golf," said tournament director Jocelyne Bourassa, "the Classic is too important to lose."



Jeff Vinnick for Maclean's

Coe-Jones: concern among players

As a major, the event—at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club in Aylmer, Que.—has a stellar field that includes Australia's **Karrie Webb** and Sweden's **Annika Sorenstam**, who, going into last weekend's play, had each won five times this season. To maintain that major status, Classic organizers need at least $1.5 million (U.S.) for the 2001 purse, and nearly that much for operating costs. Former du Maurier Ltd. executive **Jean-Paul Blais**, who has spent six months searching for support, told *Maclean's* last week he had secured commitments to cover the purse, but had yet to lure a title sponsor. "I really need to find something in the next 30 to 45 days," Blais said. And that leaves the Classic deep in the rough.



Jane Hamilton

Significant (m)others

In 1997, my longtime partner, Joy, adopted my daughters Sarah, the eldest, was, by then, in her third year at university; Meghann was a couple of years shy of graduating high school. Outwardly, nothing changed in our family when the court stamped its approval on our cumbersome stack of affidavits and applications, but there was a profound alteration nonetheless. In attitude. In the way we saw ourselves. In the way other people saw us.

I told Joy's nieces that now Sarah and Meg were truly their cousins, and Kelly piped up with, "What were they before? Fake?" Well, in a way, yes, they were. When there is no system to verify your relationships, when you exist in a legal limbo so vast that you could not even take your place at your partner's side if she were hospitalized, her life threatened, you are, for all intents and purposes—for all straight people's intents and purposes—counterfeit. The court stamped not just adoption into our lives, but endorsement. We were—almost—a codified family (although, unlike most two parent households, Joy and I were still considered unrelated).

We ordered new birth certificates. Alberta, unable to change even at glacial speed, listed Joy as Sarah's "father." British Columbia, despite altering their adoption laws, couldn't bring itself to alter its forms. It managed to cross out "father" but refused to substitute "mother" or even "parent"—here, where we live, Joy has become Meghann's "blank." Still, still, it was a little heady being a mom and a blank together. Now, darned if we don't want to take it further. Joy and I want to get married. We're not just a theoretical argument, but flesh and blood queers, quite smitten with each other, and we want to get hitched.

Why bother? you ask. Well, why do straight people bother? You bother for the same reasons we want to bother. Because of love. Because of our kids. Because we want a public acknowledgment of how we feel towards each other. Because we want to grow old together, tied and knotted. Because we don't want our union to be so easily severable. Neither of us would thrust marriage on anyone who isn't interested in it, gay or straight, but it's obscene that we don't have the right to choose. It's indecent that policy-makers have that much power over my relationship. I don't need anyone's guidance in making my romantic and familial choices.

Joy and I have both been married before. Me, when I was 19 and exceedingly stupid (and as queer, said my young American husband, as Canadian money), and Joy, more recently, in a far more intelligent manner. But still, the men heterosexual society said we could so easily cleave unto did not mean to us what she and I mean to each other; our marriages weren't of this relationship's calibre.

For years, we've worn engagement rings made by our jeweler daughter, Meghann. On my birthday, Joy has flowers sent while she's at work—a Ballerina rose, some purple campanula, a sheaf of peach gladiolus, twigs of lavender, heads of nodding scabiosa. It occurs to me, as I arrange them in a crystal vase and set them in the dining room, they would make a perfect bridal bouquet. If only.

Jane Hamilton is a Vancouver writer. Submissions may be sent to overture@macleans.ca or faxed to (416) 596-7730. We cannot respond to all queries.

PASSAGES

Died: **Hugh Hood** described himself as "through and through a Catholic writer." The son of an English-speaking father and a French-speaking mother, Hood was born in Toronto and moved to Montreal, where he became an English professor. His first collection of short stories, *Flying a Red Kite*, published in 1962, is considered a Canadian classic. Hood wrote 31 more works of fiction and nonfiction, and was praised for descriptions of life in Eastern Canada. In 1975, he began a project of 12 novels called the New Age series, a family saga from the 1930s to the 1980s. The 12th volume, *New Water*, will be published next month. Hood, 72, died in his Montreal home after suffering a stroke.



Died: Former Ontario attorney general and deputy premier **Robert Welch** was the junior mayor of St. Catharines, Ont., when he was 16 years old. Later, as a Conservative, he won six consecutive elections and held 12 cabinet portfolios under three premiers—**John Robarts**, **Bill Davis**, and **Frank Miller**. After he retired, Welch was appointed by Prime Minister **Brian Mulroney** to the International Joint Commission overseeing water quality in the Great Lakes. He died in St. Catharines of prostate cancer, at age 72.

Charged: Mafiaboy, the 16-year-old Montrealer accused of crippling CNN's Web site last February, pleaded not guilty to 64 new charges of computer hacking and mischief. Prosecutors believe they have linked the youth to attacks on Yahoo!, Amazon.com, Dell, eBay and U.S. university sites like Harvard and Berkeley. He has been out on bail since April. If convicted, he faces two years in youth detention.

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Overture

Announced: Starting Sept. 1, *Maclean's* columnist **Allan Fotheringham**, 67, will also be filing columns twice weekly to *The Globe and Mail*. The newspaper lured him away from *The Toronto Sun*, the tabloid for which he has written for the past 12 years, by making him "an offer I couldn't refuse," Fotheringham said. His inaugural columns will be set in Australia, where he will be attending the Olympics. Says Fotheringham: "I'll be doing sports, politics and causing trouble with the Commonwealth."

Released: American actor **Robert Downey Jr.**, 35, is a free man. Downey has been serving a three-year sentence in a California state prison after missing scheduled drug tests while on probation for cocaine possession. Due to an error on the part of Downey's sentencing judge, the California state appellate court released him three months early. After leaving prison, the Oscar-nominated actor checked into a rehab centre.

Died: Legendary *New Yorker* editor **William Maxwell** wrote his first novel, *Bright Center of Heaven*, in 1934. But he achieved greater success once **Katharine White**, a founding editor of the *New Yorker*, made him the magazine's fiction editor. During his 40 years with the publication, he worked with some of the century's most celebrated writers, including **J. D. Salinger**, **John Cheever** and **John Updike**. Maxwell, 91, died at his home in Manhattan.

Sentenced: A Calgary judge has ruled **Jean-Guy Tremblay**, 36, is not a dangerous offender despite his 14 convictions of violence against women over a 10-year period. Justice **Scott Brooker** noted that dangerous-offender status is intended for the very worst of criminals. Tremblay, he said, was not that. Instead, Tremblay was deemed a long-term offender and was sentenced to a maximum of 10 years of community supervision after he is released from his current 5½ year prison term for assault.



Anthony Wilson-Smith

Talking to Arthur Hailey

By now, the story of how *Bus and Truck* magazine's most famous alumnus made his name worldwide has become almost as well-known in literary circles as some of the best-selling books that Arthur Hailey has written. But for those who haven't heard, here goes: in 1955, Hailey was flying back to Toronto from Vancouver on a business trip when, bored, he started daydreaming. As flight attendants offered chicken or fish, Hailey wondered what would happen if the meal gave the pilots food poisoning—and whether he, a rusty ex-fighter pilot, could fly the plane. By the time he landed, he had a plot in his head, and wrote the screenplay over the next two weekends and five nights—when not working at his editor's job. Then, he stuck the script in an envelope and sent it to the CBC. A month later, they offered him $600 and put the play into production. *Flight into Danger* ran live on April 3, 1956, became an immediate sensation and changed Hailey's life forever. That summer, NBC bought it, BBC aired the Canadian version, and, Hailey now says with a smile, "other work that had been sitting around suddenly had buyers."

One of many nice things about Hailey, 44 years and more than 150 million book sales later, is the clear joy he still gets recalling memorable moments from his enviable life. These days, Hailey, just turned 80, lives with his wife, Sheila, in one of the world's most exclusive hideaways—Lyford Cay in the Bahamas—while their six children (three by his first marriage and three with Sheila) are scattered across North America. But the British-born Hailey, who came to Canada in 1947 and left it in 1965 (and North America in 1969 for tax reasons), travels on his Canadian passport, frequently refers to Canada as home, and stays in touch with old pals—a visit to Toronto last month was on account of a birthday bash for Pierre Berton, also turned 80. And Hailey claims a special place in his heart for Maclean Hunter Ltd., the company that (including *Maclean's*) was bought by Ted Rogers in 1994. It was, he says, the place that launched him as a writer and editor (including the now-defunct *Bus and Truck* and freelance work for *Maclean's*). It's also where he met Sheila.

Typically, for a man whose work is marked by his attention to detail, Hailey shows up for a meeting immaculately turned out in a crisp white shirt, sports jacket and tie. His study in the Bahamas "is neat as a pin," says Sheila, who at 72 looks 15 years younger. In the decade since Hailey produced his last novel, *The Evening News* (which former CBC anchor Knowlton Nash described as a "cracking tale of an ambitious, unflappable TV network anchorman who suddenly finds himself and his family in the middle of a terrorist kidnapping drama"), Hailey's previous status as a superstar of high-end potboilers has been put on hold. But for 30 years before that, his books, including *Hotel* (1965) and *Airport* (1968), routinely topped best-seller charts and were published in as many as 38 languages. He turned them out on the same cycle: one year of research, followed by two years of writing, at 600 words a day (although once computers arrived, he moved up to 1,000 words). Each time, he jokes, he started out "knowing the beginning and end. It was the middle that gave me problems." His books were dubbed "faction" because, whether it was the depth of his research, or his old reporter's instincts, he often anticipated events in advance. In 1984, *Strong Medicine* outlined corruption at the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. In 1989, similar events occurred. In 1975, *The Moneychangers* examined the fallout from a bad loan to an insolvent bank customer. In 1989, *The New York Times* reported on near-identical events.

Always keen to try the latest innovations—Hailey must be the only author ever to say 'my real dream was to become an electrical engineer"—he first used a computer in the prehistoric days of 1983. Now, he keeps up with the world outside Lyford Cay through incoming and outgoing e-mails, and surfing the Web. And despite their graceful manner, both Haileys like stirring things up a bit. In 1963, Arthur provoked a storm of protest when he wrote an essay for this magazine that concluded that marriage laws were antiquated and "some people *should* live in sin." Because of the difficulty of getting divorces, he wrote that individuals in broken-down marriages should be told "bluntly and publicly, to subvert the law where they can, and, where they cannot, to ignore the law entirely." And Sheila, author of the 1978 memoir *I Married a Best Seller*, raised eyebrows with a funny and sometimes startlingly frank account of their lives, including liberal views on sexual matters.

These days, Hailey is getting back to work, though not at his previous pace. There are forthcoming international reissues of his best-selling books, including *Airport* and *Hotel*, with introductions for a new generation of readers. In *Hotel*, he explains that the word "negro," "considered offensive nowadays, is left unchanged because of its wide usage" when it was written. He's dusted off short stories he wrote in the early 1940s and revised them for potential publication. Despite a slight hearing impairment and open-heart surgery more than a decade ago, Hailey remains full of plans—and the energy to carry them out. Not long ago, Hailey recalls, he received a books-on-tape reading of one of his works and was startled to hear the narrator close by saying "Arthur Hailey died in 1997." "I looked at Sheila and she looked at me," he says, "and we agreed we're far from done yet." For those who wonder what happens when nice people get rich, think of the Haileys—and feel better.

The Aspers wrest control of Canada's biggest newspaper empire from Conrad Black

The Izzy and Leonard Show



Peter Bregg/Maclean's

Father and son check out the National Post. *'There's no doubt that in this deal Izzy was the major player'*

By John Geddes in Winnipeg

Leonard Asper wrapped up the last bit of business in the $3.5-billion deal that reshaped Canada's media landscape by cellular telephone in a car. Nothing surprising about that—except this was a bumper car at Tinkertown, an amusement park just outside Winnipeg. Asper let his three-year-old daughter, Sarah, drive while he took the call on July 30 to iron out a final wrinkle. The next morning, he was in Toronto, along with his legendary father, Israel (Izzy) Asper, to announce that their family's CanWest Global Communications Corp. was scooping up 13 of the country's biggest daily newspapers from Conrad Black's Hollinger International Inc., along with 136 smaller papers, and even a 50-per-cent stake in Black's beloved *National Post*.

It was Leonard, not Izzy, who did most of the talking to the startled business media and dazzled investment community. Putting on a display of the calm confidence that had allowed him to be off fooling around with his kids on the eve of the announcement, the younger Asper served notice that he is a different sort of mogul than his driven father. Where Izzy, who turns 68 on Aug. 11, is famous for his bluntness and bluster, Leonard, 36, was all poise and precision. But if the son stepped out of his father's shadow, he has hardly put the old man out to pasture. "There's no doubt that in this deal Izzy was the major player," Leonard Asper told *Maclean's* last week in a two-hour interview in his Winnipeg office. But he added that he "does take some credit for having designed the strategy" that is supposed to make the ambitious acquisition work for CanWest.

Izzy the hard-nosed dealmaker, Leonard the long-term strategist. That's how company insiders and family confidants sum up the current balance between the two Aspers. Izzy is still relied on when it comes to tough bargaining with the likes of Black. But Leonard is credited with having a vision for meshing CanWest's Global television network, its new stable of newspapers and its all-important new Internet properties. Even though he has an older brother, David, 41, and sister, Gail, 40, both of whom are active in the family businesses, his status as Izzy's corporate heir is now indisputable. He has been groomed for the role for at least a decade—maybe a lifetime.

Leonard Asper has taken his elders by surprise with how rapidly he has put his stamp on the company that had been so much his father's. Peter Viner, 54, stepped aside last September as CanWest's president and chief executive officer to make room for Leonard. Viner had taken on the job two years earlier, with Izzy Asper still playing a dominant role as CanWest's executive chairman. The understanding was that the two older men were preparing the way for Leonard to take over. "He was relatively untried, but keen and smart," says Viner, now CanWest vice-chairman. "It has been a bigger success earlier than we had anticipated."

The first sign of how the kid planned to run things, Viner says, was his decision to "single-handedly stickhandle" a crucial set of Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission hearings last spring. At stake, CanWest's $800-million bid to buy a string of TV stations from Vancouver's WIC Western International Communications Ltd. There was a strong chance the federal broadcasting regulator would refuse to approve the deal on ownership concentration grounds. "Leonard elected to go before the CRTC with none of the old guard and present a new face," Viner notes. The gamble paid off. Last month, the CRTC approved the acquisition, handing CanWest the stations it needs to turn Global into a truly national network to compete with CTV and the CBC.

It was a long-standing dream of Izzy's come true—under his son's direction. But then, Izzy and Babs Asper didn't raise their kids to be losers. Leonard, Gail and David grew up in Winnipeg's posh Wellington Crescent district with a strong sense of both family and community. In some ways, it was a typical Canadian upbringing. Leonard and


Chuck Mitchell/CP

With Trudeau in 1973: Izzy quaffed martinis and served up dry quotes

David spent hours in the frigid prairie winters playing hockey with a frozen tennis ball in the driveway. They went to cottages and camps in the summer.

But this was no average family. In the early 1970s, Izzy, a tax lawyer, was leader of the Manitoba Liberals, struggling—and failing—to boost the party into contention with the Conservatives and New Democrats. Then in 1974, he turned his attention to making money, founding a new Winnipeg TV station, CKND, and taking over the near-bankrupt Toronto-based Global Television Network. Izzy soon emerged as one of the best-known—and easily caricatured—figures in Canadian business. He chain-smoked and engaged in serial corporate litigation. He quaffed martinis and served up dry quotes with a twist. "Never start a war, but if you're in one take no prisoners," went one of the famous Asper aphorisms. "Never forget the system is based on greed," advised another.

In 1977, Asper and Gerald Schwartz, then a legal colleague, formed CanWest Capital Corp., an investment company that scooped up everything from a fertilizer maker to a life insurance company. When Schwartz split for Toronto in 1983 to form the leveraged-buyout shop Onex Corp., Asper held on to the broadcasting assets and stayed in Winnipeg. Schwartz thrived, but Asper has arguably won bigger. His holdings spread across Canada and have since expanded to New Zealand, Australia and Ireland. Both men are forces, commensurate with the size of the cheques they write, in the federal Liberal party.

For Leonard, growing up as an Asper in Winnipeg meant feeling very visible. He chose to attend a U.S. university—Brandeis near Boston—largely for the anonymity. "That was a good way to get out of my family's shadow," he says. "Those kids from New York didn't care about anyone from Winnipeg." After graduating with a BA in political science in 1986, he went on to the University of Toronto law school. His two older siblings are also lawyers. "Izzy insisted that before any of the three of us could be considered to come into the business we had to be reasonably educated," David explains. By the time Leonard was articling at a Toronto law firm in 1990, CanWest's future as a family enterprise was in doubt. Izzy had been tempted by serious takeover offers. "Around that time," Leonard recalls, "my dad said, 'I love this business, but I'm not tied to it, so unless you guys see any reason to continue it, let's collect our marbles and go home.'"

David had been playing a prominent role in CanWest, but was turning his attention to criminal law—in spectacular fashion, joining the successful crusade to get David Milgaard, who had been wrongly convicted of murder, out of prison. Gail had also worked in senior roles, but decided the demanding corporate life was not for her. That left Leonard. For him, the choice was easy. "I said, 'This is a unique business,'" he recalls. "'We have a chance to have a big, international, fun corporation.'"

Leonard's apprenticeship was systematic. Working in the Toronto headquarters of Global Television, he spent a few months in each of the major departments, from production to finance, between 1991 and 1993. That fall, at the family's summer cottage at Falcon Lake, 130 km east of Winnipeg, his father told him it was time to move back home. Unfortunately, Izzy happened to raise the subject in front of Leonard's girlfriend, Susan Higgins, who was working in the fashion business in Toronto at the time and had no idea that a return to Winnipeg was in the cards. "We had to pick her jaw up off the floor," Leonard recalls. They were subsequently married, now have two children, Sarah and a younger daughter, Olivia, 17 months, and live on Wellington Crescent next door to David, just a few doors down from Izzy and Babs. Sister Gail lives with her family not far away.

Leonard's return to Winnipeg as CanWest's director of corporate development in 1994 marked the beginning of a new era. He gradually introduced changes in the plush three-floor headquarters at the top of a bank tower at the stoned corner of Portage and Main. "We have to move towards more structure and process," he says of the fast-growing company, chuckling about how top executives used to keep track of affairs largely by chatting casually in the hallways. "There was a lot of, 'How're we doing?' I've put in place very comprehensive weekly operating reports." Leonard sees the contrast between the ways he and his father do business as a matter of vastly different experiences. "I just haven't been screwed in business as many times as my father has," he says. "So I probably don't have as cynical a view. I try to get people to do things because they like me and agree with what I'm doing, as opposed to my father, who probably has less patience for that sort of thing."

While father and son have different management styles, there are parallels in their personal tastes. Both love convertibles—Izzy his Mercedes-Benz, Leonard his exotic British TVR sports car. Music means a lot to them—Izzy devoted to jazz and Gershwin, Leonard still clinging to a boyhood enthusiasm for Rush, the thinking hoser's heavy-metal band, and newer hard-hitting groups like Soundgarden.

Izzy Asper has been acutely aware of the pitfalls of soft-hearted offspring assuming control of hard-earned family fortunes. Leonard laughs about how books on family legacies that were frittered away—from the Bacardi liquor empire to the Steinberg retail chain—are "required reading" for the Aspers. "I've read 'em all," he says.

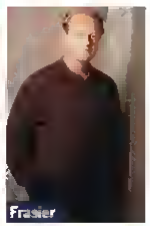
Family friends tend to credit their mother, Babs, for the fact that Leonard, David and Gail appear to have avoided conflict. She is described as a calming influence, compared with her volatile husband. One close acquaintance says Leonard is in some ways more like her than Izzy. But Leonard seems taken aback by that suggestion. "I would have said more like my dad," he says, then revises: "Well, maybe more like my mother 10 years ago. But the more time I've spent with Izzy, the more I've become like him."

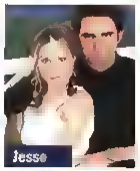
One thing that has been passed down undiluted is a staunch loyalty to Winnipeg. A senior CanWest executive, speaking on the condition that he not be named, said keeping the parent company headquarters there, instead of moving to Toronto, where the Global TV network is based, carries a price. Recruiting top media industry talent to Winnipeg can be tough. But Leonard Asper declares that one of his proudest achievements is the coterie of five key new executives he has lured to the Manitoba capital to share his head office's sweeping view of the meandering Red River and, beyond it, St. Boniface Cathedral's elegant white dome.

Besides, Winnipeg has charms that cannot be transplanted. There are Leonard's "non-negotiable" weekly pickup hockey games with old buddies. There are the Salisbury House cheeseburgers he regularly indulges in on his drive home from work when he can't face his wife's penchant for low-fat food. And then there were the looks on the faces around Bay Street when the crew from Portage and Main swept in to grab prize assets of Canada's most famous, urbane, London-based newspaper mogul. During 26 years of rough dealing and steady expansion, the business establishment learned not to count Izzy Asper out. After last week, few are betting against his younger son, either. m

Global's Most Popular Shows


Friends


Frasier


Jesse

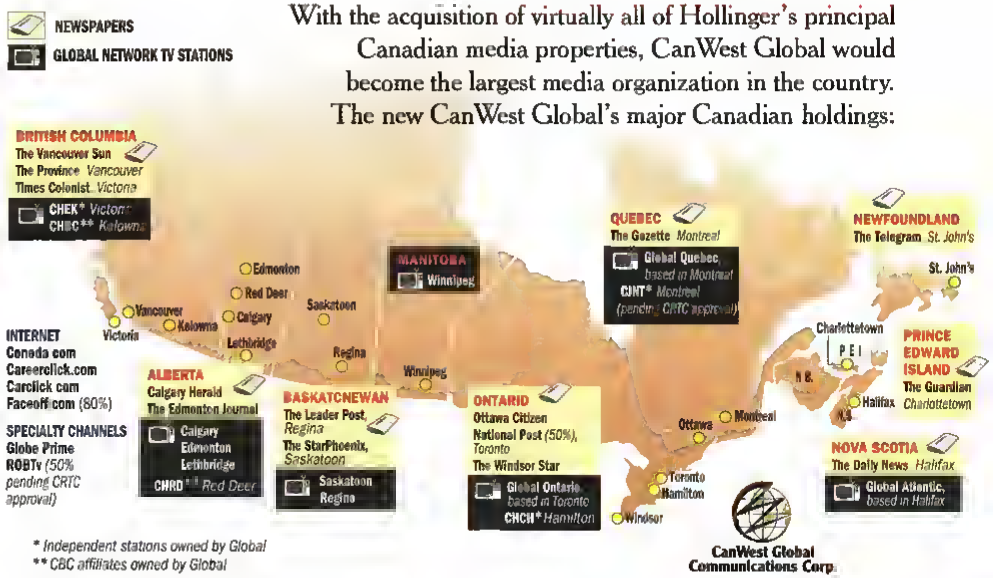

Dharma and Greg


That 70's Show

Source: Nielsen Media Research

THE ASPER EMPIRE

With the acquisition of virtually all of Hollinger's principal Canadian media properties, CanWest Global would become the largest media organization in the country. The new CanWest Global's major Canadian holdings:



* Independent stations owned by Global
** CBC affiliates owned by Global

Reversal Of Fate

By Robert Sheppard

The plot is like something out of a Mordecai Richler novel. Sharp-eyed, compulsive-smoking Jewish guy from, of all places, small-town Manitoba goes nose to nose with equally sharp-eyed, private-school-educated WASP from Toronto for the big enchilada. The characters, too, are larger than life: Israel H. Asper—"Izzy" to all who have met him—is a lawyer, former politician, philanthropist and self-made billionaire, who is determined to create a family dynasty and a media empire that stretches from Winnipeg to the ends of the earth; Conrad Black is the acquisitor's acquisitor, a Britannic baronial media mogul—in love with language and the sweep of journalism, though not necessarily journalists themselves—who had reached a stage in life when he wanted to change gears.

The dénouement, however, takes everyone by surprise—including Richler, a big-name columnist with Black's flagship Canadian newspaper the *National Post*. In most Richler novels, the Establishment nut proves too big to crack for the feisty outsider. In real life, Asper's CanWest Global Communications Corp. swallowed Black's biggest Canadian titles with barely a belch. This was the smaller fish by some standards (at just over $882 million, CanWest revenues in 1999 were less than a third of Black's Hollinger International Inc.), consuming a large chunk of the bigger one. And this was not the way it was supposed to happen.

The Establishment man is diminished in Canada's largest-ever media takeover

When Hollinger put its North American newspapers up for sale at the end of April, it was anticipating selling 100 or so small regional papers in Canada for maybe a billion dollars—not its large metropolitan dailies in Montreal, Ottawa, Edmonton, Calgary or Vancouver and certainly not its pride and joy, the *National Post*. But when the dust cleared last week, CanWest ended up with almost the whole kit and caboodle—Hollinger's 13 major dailies, a phalanx of regional papers and its evolving Internet properties—in a blockbuster deal valued at $3.5 billion. "There comes a time to sell in any business," observed Peter Atkinson, the Hollinger vice-president who handled the negotiations. "Asper simply outgunned everyone else."

For Black, who has spent three decades amassing one of the world's biggest media organizations—the largest in Canada—he walks away with a much-reduced empire. He still has his beloved London *Daily Telegraph*, a proven money-spinner, the *Jerusalem Post* and the *Chicago Sun-Times*, among others. He also has a half interest in the *National Post*, now to be shared with the Asper family. Black continues as the paper's chairman, casting the deciding vote, for the next five years at which point either party can trigger an auction to buy the other out. But there is no doubt that the man who bestrode the Canadian media world like an old-fashioned titan—who bought more than 400 newspapers in a decade, created the first new daily in the country (the *National Post*) in decades and who revelled in sparking ideological firestorms in his wake—is walking away from his home turf, albeit with a fistful of dollars.

The deal, which is expected to close by the end of September—pending Ottawa's approval—gives him $2.2 billion in cash, a 15-per-cent stake in the enlarged CanWest valued at $600 million (just under six per cent of the voting shares) and a $700-million bond from CanWest. Coupled with another roughly billion dollars Hollinger expects to gain by the sale of its remaining small-market papers in Canada and the United States, this should be more than enough to pay off Hollinger's haunting ($2.4 billion) long-term debt and still leave it with a sizable war chest for the future.

For the Aspers, however—that's Izzy and younger son Leonard, the company's CEO—taking over Hollinger's newspapers gives it the biggest combined media empire in the country, an estimated revenue of $2.6 billion and a market concentration that, in some cases, is nothing short of daunting. In southern British Columbia, the Aspers will own two of the largest television outlets in the region, including ratings giant BCTV, *as well as* the only three major dailies, *The Vancouver Sun* and *The Province* in Vancouver and the Victoria *Times-Colonist*. Its Global Television network already spans the country (last month, it won regulatory approval to take over eight of the former WIC Western International Communications Ltd. TV stations) and it will soon enjoy a commanding newspaper presence in every province but Manitoba and New Brunswick.

Is this worrisome? "From my audience's point of view it seems to be a general yawn," says Vancouver radio talk-show host Rafe Mair. "It may take a few days for people to get heated up, but I'm not sure they will. It's really just a transfer from one mogul to another."

The perennially crumpled Izzy may be a more likable media baron (to some) than the aloof Conrad. But complicating matters is that the Aspers—Izzy for sure—are known Liberals whereas Black is anything but. Izzy Asper led the Manitoba Liberal Party during the Pierre Trudeau years. And while he has fought his federal counterparts on such issues as Meech Lake and an elected Senate, a particular hobby-horse of his, his allegiances have sent a frisson of anticipation through the ruling Liberal elite. But this changing of the guard is about more than whether the *National Post* will curtail the flow of flattering pictures of Canadian Alliance Leader Stockwell Day on its news pages. As Bruce Wark, a journalism professor at the University of King's College in Halifax notes: "There is the sense that our own [Hollinger-owned] local media have been cut to subsidize the big Toronto newspaper wars," and that local coverage will continue to suffer. Adds Wark: "You have an organization, Global, that has been doing a very poor job covering all three Maritime provinces."



Mini-mogul Black: a reduced empire but a huge war chest

Larger-than-life characters and a deal of operatic proportions

from one outlet [Halifax]. So you've got a weak journalistic organization buying one that has experienced a lot of downsizing." In a blistering reply, Black wrote in the weekend edition of the *Post* that claims he "stripped little newspapers to feed large ones" are "lies and smears."

Still, this deal is not about newspapers so much as it is about the emergence of the Internet as the new highway of everyday entertainment and commerce. CanWest unveiled its Internet strategy only eight months ago, a network of Web sites tied to local television stations. But its prospects are making Izzy, who turns 68 on Aug. 11, feel "reborn." Adds son Leonard: "We have with this merger built out advertising strength, our content store and become a leader in the converged world of Internet content."

Buying out Hollinger flows from the same business thinking—control the pipeline and the content—that saw U.S. giants Time Warner Inc. and America Online Inc. merge at the beginning of the year; and that recently saw telephone conglomerate BCE Inc. of Montreal buy Toronto-based CTV Inc., CanWest's larger rival for $2.3 billion. Apart from the fear or be eaten imperative of Internet-inspired takeovers, this one is particularly shrewd, observes Brahm Eiley of Convergence Consulting Group in Toronto, because it takes direct aim at the *local* advertising and information market, seeking to draw people into Web commerce by virtue of how they get their community weather, sports or news.



Montreal Gazette staffers watching the announcement: taking everyone by surprise

Eventually, the analysts say, CanWest is going to have to live up to its TV moniker and go global, and this rule is not lost on the Aspers. Despite this deal raising corporate debt to nearly $4 billion (but a stock market rewarding them for the Hollinger purchase), they are already talking of more acquisitions. Possible buys include sports teams such as the Toronto Blue Jays or Maple Leafs, or the Montreal Canadiens to supply their broadcast needs, or new media alliances in Europe, possibly through the contacts of their new junior shareholder, Conrad Black.

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Ironically (another Richlerean touch), it was Black who, perhaps inadvertently, set these events in motion. Earlier this year, with Hollinger stock wallowing, Black called Asper and tried to interest him in a partnership in Hollinger's new Canada.com Web site. The two had done business together 22 years ago, when Black sold Asper a trust company largely on a handshake. But the Aspers were tied up in long-running regulatory hearings over their WIC purchase and asked to put the deal off until later. Meanwhile, Black who bought his first Canadian paper in 1966 at the tender age of 22, put his smaller papers up for sale at the end of April. The big-city dailies were not directly on the table. But Izzy called up Conrad in London and said he might be interested in that dot-com deal now if he could also buy the major dailies. And Hollinger soon realized that CanWest was in a better position to break into the Internet game than it was.

Despite their outward differences, the two men have much in common, including a penchant for staying up well into the early hours of the morning to do long-distance wheeling and dealing. By May 16, the two men had mapped out the basis of the deal, which was then turned over to a select group of very surprised subordinates. But the owners had ways of making their presence felt. Black had a voice-activated computer into which he could dictate letters and have them faxed across the waters. "The only stumbling block was the *National Post*," Leonard Asper recalls. "There was a day or two where the *Post* was in 100 per cent, but a good night's sleep changed Conrad's mind. We settled on 50-50 because that's Conrad's baby." The final negotiations were interrupted by faxes that began: "It's intermission at the opera. . . ." Conrad and wife Barbara Amiel were attending the annual Wagner festival at Bayreuth, Germany, and an idea had just struck.

These missives lent a fittingly operatic tone to the biggest media takeover in Canadian history. But it would be wrong to see this event as the final curtain. The Aspers feel they are just beginning to build a truly global multimedia empire—begun 26 years ago with the purchase of an independent TV station in Winnipeg. Black told *The New York Times*, self-mockingly, that he was going to be like the cartoon character Scrooge McDuck and "get into his little bulldozer every morning and plow back and forth over his gold coins." It was time, he said, "to get rid of the debt, to get a little bit of a cash box to work from, to enjoy life a little more." But close associates dismiss any retirement ideas. There is talk of buying papers in New York City, Washington and San Francisco. So whether it is Black or Asper, there is still the whiff of a Richler-like sequel in the air. Maybe Duddy Redux? Or Conrad Then and Now?

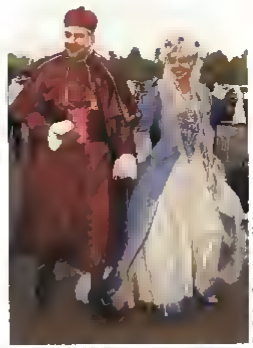
With Cheryl Hawkes in Toronto and John Geddes in Winnipeg

The Retreat of an Emperor

By Peter C. Newman

In the fall of 1997, when the Rev. Bill Phipps, moderator of the United Church of Canada, questioned Jesus Christ's divinity, comics Linda Cullen and Bob Robertson immediately picked up the cue. "Great news," they chuckled," Conrad's back in the running." Not anymore.

Last week's stunning sale of the bulk of his Canadian newspaper empire downgraded Black's imperial status and burst his napoleonic pretensions. So recently the dean of Canada's business elite, he now ranks a distant also-ran to Izzy Asper, the Jewish kid from Minnedosa, Man., who has never paid much attention to the rites of the Canadian Establishment, which returned the favour by ignoring him and his impressive heir, Leonard.



Tim Graham/Corbis-Sygma/Magma

Black, Amiel: 'preternaturally' sexy

> 'This is the time to build up one's reserves'

While Conrad can recite the latest ranking of cardinals in the Vatican's byzantine pecking order, it's the Aspers who are riding the wave of the future. It's called convergence and it will dramatically alter Canada's reading and viewing habits. The ascendancy of an unpretentious Winnipeg-based family as the overlords of this new media mix also marks a defining geographical shift in power. The New Economy thrives where its most creative ideas take root—Bay Street no longer has an economic monopoly.

What better evidence than the sudden downgrading of Conrad Black's clout and editorial dominance. This has nothing to do with money. The fact that the business empire he launched in 1978 with the estimated $7 million and change that he inherited from his father has now been sold for $3.5 billion—leaving valuable newspaper properties in London, Jerusalem and Chicago still on the table—is an impressive achievement. But Black is proud and impudent enough not to have wanted the yet-to-be-written second volume of his autobiography to end in such inglorious fashion.

I have interviewed Black off and on over the past quarter century. What struck me most forcefully was his lust for power; he basked in its afterglow like a lover. "He has a natural knack of demonstrating personal power," noted the late Igor Kaplan, one of his early lawyers. "People in negotiating situations pick up the vibrations of that power subconsciously from the way he moves and listens." Whether he was buying a newspaper chain or selling an energy conglomerate, he brought to the corporate wars a highly developed sense of the dramatic and a barely suppressed instinct for mischief. He rationalized his ceaseless grab for power with brash certainty that he was somehow exempt from evil intent, assuming that any corporate behaviour that ran counter to his convenience constituted a wilful denial of his due.

Black's main weapons are remarkable intelligence and a mastery of multitudinous words that never made it into any thesaurus. (He once described his wife, Barbara Amiel, as being "preternaturally" sexy, which means "something above and beyond nature.") In all his writings and business endeavours, he is attentive to detail. (That tendency was first manifested in his biography of Maurice Duplessis, where he noted that the former Quebec premier's urethral aperture was an inch removed from the head of his penis.)

His flight from Canadian investment reflects Black's strong feeling that while he is honoured elsewhere (i.e., being offered a British title), the one audience whose applause has so far eluded him is from his own country. (There is some disagreement among Conrad-watchers as to whether Black likes to think of himself as the unrecognized embodiment of what's best about Canada. I've never subscribed to this view because if he decided to personify any country, it would be a far grander, better managed and less untidy nation than ours.) "Canada functions awkwardly," he once told me, "because it is an accidental country. We did not arise from any heroic revolution or statesmanship of our own."

It's difficult to divine Conrad Black's future. But I remember asking him about his prospects at the end of a lengthy interview in 1982, when his direction lacked focus, as it does now. "I act from intuition," he told me, "and my intuition tells me at the moment that, just as a squirrel is good at putting up acorns, or whatever the hell squirrels collect, this is the time to build up one's reserves and get into a solid material condition."

"I don't want to sound pseudo-biblical," he added, "but there is a time to assemble and organize your assets, if you are a so-called man of means, as I am judged to be."

The fact that his strategy was not producing maximum shareholder benefits prompted Black to sell. But the move was characteristic of past strategic retreats. "I'm a great believer in not becoming hypnotized by the rhythm of one's own advancement," he once confided to me. "I have always felt it was the compulsive element in Napoleon that drew him into greater and greater undertakings, until he was bound to fail."

Like Napoleon, Conrad Black will now be watching the shifting winds of media power, in exile, from his own Elba.

Roll-your-own medicine

A court gives Ottawa one year to acknowledge the medicinal value of pot

With his greying, shoulder-length hair and a penchant for tie-dyed shirts, Torontonian Terry Parker carries a clear imprint of the early 1970s. And, like some others who came of age in that freewheeling time, he is a fan of *cannabis sativa*, otherwise known as marijuana. Unlike most users of the illegal substance, however, 44-year-old Parker smokes it for medical reasons. marijuana is far more effective, he says, than conventional medicine in controlling the epileptic seizures that have plagued him since the age of 4. "I smoke two or three joints a day and get 100-per-cent seizure relief," says Parker. First busted for pot possession in 1977, Parker made legal history last week when the Ontario Court of Appeal struck down the federal criminal law banning marijuana on the grounds that it fails to permit medical use of the drug. The judgment gave Ottawa one year to revise the law—or growing and possessing marijuana will cease to be a crime in Canada's most populous province.

It was the latest in a series of legal decisions that have forced Ottawa to make grudging concessions to Canadians who use marijuana for medical reasons. Proponents say the drug can control symptoms in such diseases as epilepsy and multiple sclerosis, and relieve nausea in patients taking AIDS medication and chemotherapy. In December, 1997, a Toronto judge ruled that Parker had a constitutional right to use marijuana for medical reasons and ordered police to return cannabis plants taken from his apartment. As a result of that ruling, Parker became the first Canadian to win an exemption allowing him to grow and possess marijuana. In May of last year, Jim Wakeford, a Torontonian suffering from AIDS, won an Ontario Superior Court ruling that made him the second. "The federal government has made no genuine effort to help suffering Canadians who need marijuana," says Wakeford, who is pressuring Ottawa to provide a legal source of marijuana. "It's the courts that are doing it on a case-by-case basis."



Linda A. Frew for Maclean's

Parker tending his crop: two to three joints a day provide relief from epileptic seizures

As of last week, Health Canada has approved 61 applications from Canadians wishing to use marijuana for medical purposes. It has also launched a five-year evaluation of the medical effectiveness of the drug. Under that program, researchers hope to begin a pilot study at Montreal General Hospital this fall to test marijuana on about 20 HIV/AIDS patients. The next stage would be to expand the study to about 200 people across Canada. But the studies can only go ahead once Ottawa has established a supply of research-grade marijuana. Federal officials currently are studying applications from commercial growers.

The Ontario court ruling prompted new demands for changes in Canada's marijuana legislation. Ontario's NDP issued a call for decriminalization, echoing a suggestion made by the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police in May for more lenient treatment of those found possessing small amounts of marijuana. But the numbers of marijuana-related charges have increased significantly in Canada in recent years, and some legal experts say Ottawa is unlikely to move quickly to change the law. "I have no doubt Ottawa will appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada," said Alan Young, a professor at Toronto's Osgoode Hall law school, "and that the Supreme Court will hear the appeal"—a process that will keep the issue of the medical use of marijuana in limbo for at least a few more years.

Mark Nichols



Source: Statistics Canada



Phil Snyder/Archives

Blanche Spratt (left), daughter Violet before the assembly line shut down 'sad'

Canada Letter from Batawa

When the jobs go

The closure of its shoe manufacturing plant is the end of an era for a quintessential company town

By Tanya Davies

Blanche Spratt is one of the lucky ones. She spent 26½ years working on the assembly line at the Bata Industries Ltd. shoe factory in Batawa, Ont. Just before the company closed the plant in May, after 61 years in operation, she was transferred to the nearby Bata warehouse facility. "I was happy, as it would be hard to find a job at my age," says the 54-year-old Spratt. "But also sad, as I worked with my daughter, Violet, for 20 years at the factory, and she didn't take another job. So, it really feels like the end of an era." It is. Shutting down the factory also signalled the end of Batawa as a company town.

Thomas J. Bata opened the plant in 1939 on the banks of the Trent River, about 100 km east of Toronto, after he relocated the family shoe business from Zlin, Czechoslovakia, to escape the invading Nazis. A group of buyers from T. Eaton Co. Ltd. suggested he call the surrounding town a combination of the company name and Ottawa—hence Batawa. Its first citizens were 60 families that Bata paid to emigrate from Czechoslovakia to work in the factory. Still referred to as "pioneers" within the organization, their names are all listed on a bronze plaque in Pioneer Square located outside the now empty factory.

Batawa slowly became the quintessential company town, and in its heyday in the 1960s, the population reached 1,200. The company made four million pairs of shoes and boots a year, which were sold across Canada and around the world. Bata owned all the land within the town, 480 hectares, and built cookie-cutter bungalows for the workers to rent, adding schools and churches for the families. Workers played on Bata baseball and hockey teams and shopped at the company-owned grocery store.

But then labour became cheaper overseas and work at the Batawa plant started to dwindle—as did the jobs. "It's no secret it costs a lot less to produce a shoe in China than it does in Canada," says Graeme Spicer, director of international communications at Bata. "And the economy is not set up to support jobs for life. The day of the company town is gone." In its last decade, Bata lost $32 million on the plant, which had been manufacturing less than one per cent of the company's total output. Bata now has 55 factories worldwide, including the one in Zlin, which it reopened in 1991.

While closing the Ontario factory would have devastated the community 40 years ago, it hardly affected modern-day Batawa. The village, which amalgamated in 1998 with the nearby towns of Frankford and Trenton to create the municipality of Quinte West, is now a bedroom community for commuters to Kingston and Toronto. Of the last 200 people who worked at the Bata factory, only five actually lived in Batawa. "Bata offset much of the impact by downsizing over the years," says Quinte West Mayor Jack Arthur. "The company is a good corporate citizen." The big issue now is trying to entice new companies to buy the empty buildings, including the main five-storey plant, that litter the property. "Bata has put virtually all of it up for sale, but so far there have been no sales," says local MPP Ernie Parsons. "They are old, old buildings that aren't easily adaptable. It would be cheaper to build new than to renovate, so we have better hope for selling the land."

No matter who occupies the property next, the closing of the factory marked the end of a way of life for the employees, whose average tenure was 22 years. "We always heard rumours that the plant was going to close," says Albert Towns, 58, a master shoemaker who worked at the factory for 41 years. "But to see it finally happen was very sad." Still, none of the workers questioned held a grudge against the Bata family for the closure. "Sure, it's a shock," says 23-year veteran Lori Gordon. "But everything in Batawa is here because of them." m

Canada Notes



Master Sgt Officer Larry Gilham–DPA Combat Camera/DND

Boarding from a Sea King helicopter, securing Canadian military hardware

High-seas drama

In a dramatic confrontation ending an 18-day standoff, a Canadian military helicopter lowered 14 armed soldiers onto the deck of a freighter 160 km south of St John's, Nfld , as it tried to flee with more than $200 million worth of Canadian military hardware and three Canadian soldiers aboard. The Ukrainian captain of the American-owned GTS Katie frantically radioed that he was under attack and weaved to avert the takeover. The boarding party from HMCS Athabaskan took less than an hour to take control of the ship and order its captain to sail to Bécancour, Que.

The Katie, which was carrying military gear including tanks, armoured vehicles, trucks and ammunition used by Canadian troops in Kosovo, was waiting outside Canadian waters because of a dispute over payment for the journey. To bring the equipment back, Ottawa had hired a Montreal firm that, in turn, subcontracted the ship's owner. But the Katie's captain refused to dock until his firm was paid. Defence Minister Art Eggleton said that with 10 per cent of the force's total equipment at stake, "we had to take action," and dispatched a boarding party from the Athabaskan. "Having our equipment held hostage was not acceptable."

Alberta challenges court on child hookers

Police in Alberta are continuing to detain prostitutes under the age of 18 despite a court decision deeming the practice unconstitutional. But the province, which is appealing the decision, now requires the child hookers to sign a consent form before going to a safe house, where they can be held for up to 72 hours. And if they decline, they have the right to appear before a judge with a lawyer. On July 28, a provincial court judge ruled that the Alberta child-protection law violated various charter rights.

Staying behind British bars

Ontario rejected a proposal from convicted murderer Albert Walker, 54, to serve his life sentence in Canada rather than in Britain. The former financial consultant from Paris, Ont., who was convicted of murder in 1998, fled to England in 1990 with his then-15-year-old daughter, Sheena, and $3.2 million he had stolen from his clients. To help avoid capture, Walker murdered Ronald Platt during a sailing trip on the English Channel on July 20, 1996, and then assumed the dead man's identity.

Controversy over garbage

Toronto city council voted to send 1.3 million tonnes of trash annually by rail to an abandoned open-pit mine near Kirkland Lake, Ont. Residents of the city of 10,000 people, 500 km north of Toronto, are divided over the issue. Many believe the dump, which will cost $145 million to start up, will bring economic development, while others fear it may leak toxins, poisoning groundwater over a vast area.

Privacy commissioner named

George Radwanski, 53, a former journalist and longtime Liberal adviser, has been named federal privacy commissioner. Radwanski, who wrote a biography of Pierre Trudeau and served as an aide to Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, replaces Bruce Phillips, 70, also a former journalist, who is retiring. While Conservative critics said Radwanski's appointment amounted to patronage, Phillips said they should wait to see how Radwanski performs before attacking him.

Day mends party wounds

To boost party unity, Canadian Alliance Leader Stockwell Day gave prominent roles to backers of leadership rival Preston Manning in his first shadow cabinet. Manning will act as Day's senior adviser and draft policy on science and technology. Meanwhile, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien called byelections for Sept. 11 in the B.C. Interior riding where Day says he will run and in central Nova Scotia where Conservative Leader Joe Clark will try to re-enter the House.



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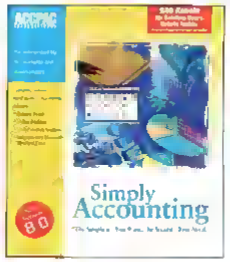
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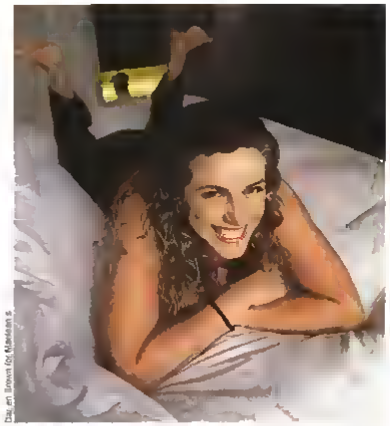
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Survival of the prettiest

A single mom with a big appetite

Jenna Lewis ordered a cheeseburger and fries from room service after being voted off the island. The crew of the CBS hit *Survivor*, Lewis recalls, had nothing for her to eat on the two-hour boat ride to the resort where the ousted contestants were sequestered. "I was so upset," says Lewis. "I ate an energy bar that someone happened to have in their pocket. So whenever I came back to tribal council, I brought a big bag of food and gifts for the next person voted off." The single mother of twin four-year-old girls has been called loud and a crybaby and is one of the more annoyingly chipper castaways. In person, the 23-year-old is likable and attractive—prompting *Playboy* to make an offer for a nude photo spread. "It's a consideration," says Lewis, who recently relocated from New Hampshire to San Francisco. "I would have to have creative control." She speaks diplomatically of the other survivors—even **Sean Kenniff**, whose vote ultimately sent her packing. Now, Lewis says, she hopes to "parlay this 15 minutes of fame into an acting career." After island delicacies such as rats and beetle larvae, a taste of the good life couldn't hurt.



Darren Brown for Maclean's

Lewis: Playboy wants her to pose, she wants to act

Yuk Yukster



John Smee for Maclean's

Mark Breslin is a mystery wrapped in an enigma stuffed into an Armani suit. The 48-year-old impresario launched Canadian stand-up comedy by opening Yuk Yuk's in Toronto in 1976—it's now a 14-club, cross-Canada chain. Breslin, who used to act as host, often shouted at customers who walked out in protest, "Stop! The Jew has your money!"

Breslin's new "autobiography," *Control Freaked*, is a 227-page stream-of-consciousness diatribe. "I wanted the book to feel like I am sitting in the room with the reader," he says. "Like I am speaking softly and having coffee." Yet he mes to offend each and every reader. He is pro-abortion, not because he favours a woman's right to choose but because he "hates children." Breslin also describes "virtual bestiality" with his pet car. Judging by *Control Freaked*, Breslin is one sick puppy, but one with a certain charm.



Darren Brown for Maclean's

Hayes: gay, straight or just sassy?

Funny that way

First, there was Woody, then Kramer, then Niles. Now, there is Jack. This fall, NBC will move its popular sitcom *Will & Grace* to the coveted 9 p.m. Thursday time slot—previously held by *Cheers*, *Seinfeld* and *Frasier*. In the process, scores more TV viewers will meet Jack. Like the funny sidekicks before him, this flamboyantly gay, adorably sassy supporting character has stolen the spotlight away from the sitcom's title characters.

Sean Hayes, the Emmy-nominated actor who plays Jack, won't talk about his own sexuality, believing that knowing celebrities' private lives creates preconceptions about the characters they play. But some lurid details of his youth he freely imparts. The 29-year-old Glen Ellyn, Ill., native once had a job as an elf in the *Kenny Rogers' Christmas Show*. "It was obviously to pay the rent," says Hayes. "To work with Kenny wasn't my lifelong dream. But when my friend said it paid 500 bucks a week, I was like, 'Where are my ears? Let's tape them on.'"

Soon after the Rogers' gig, Hayes got the lead in the hit independent film, *Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss*. His portrayal of a gay photographer in that movie caught the eye of *Will & Grace* producers. Now, with the Thursday night coup, Hayes sees "not only minor loss of anonymity, but complete loss of anonymity." Which is good for the attention-loving Jack, but not for Hayes, the more private alter ego.

Perfectly Scripted

A confident George W. Bush tries to broaden the Republicans' appeal

By Andrew Phillips in Philadelphia

Philadelphia is known for the cholesterol bomb that is the Philly cheesesteak, not tacos or tortillas. But less than an hour after touching down in the city last week to receive the benediction of his party, George W. Bush stood at the top of the steps of its imposing art museum (yes, the very ones immortalized in Sylvester Stallone's *Rocky*) and went on and on in ... Spanish. Hundreds of happy supporters hoisted signs proclaiming "Viva Bush" and "*Un nuevo dia*" (a new day), but it was clear that most of them had no idea what their hero was talking about. "Beats me," one fresh-faced young Republican murmured when asked what Bush was saying.

In fact, it mattered little that the Hispanic "*Bienvenidos a* Philadelphia" rally that Republicans staged for their presidential candidate featured only a handful of actual Hispanics. Once again, the party hammered home the point that it has had a change of heart and really, really wants minority voters to give it a serious look. More important, it sent a signal to a group that is much more likely to support Bush in November—undecided, middle-of-the-road white voters uncomfortable with backing a party too often associated with strident right-wing rhetoric. The not-so-subtle message: you don't have to be socially embarrassed anymore about voting Republican.



Betty and Gerald Ford (left), Barbara and George Bush, and Nancy Reagan: transparent media manipulation

It's the kind of transparent media manipulation easily dismissed by cynical observers—and political opponents. Democrats did that right away, pointing out that the gauzy rhetoric was at odds with the Republicans' firmly right-wing record in Congress and with their own party platform, which repeats traditional positions like cutting taxes and opposition to all abortions. But in a prosperous, contented time, when U.S. voters are paying scant attention to politics, their first concentrated look at Bush showed a man stressing centrist themes more often associated with the Republicans' archenemy: President Bill Clinton. Accepting his party's nomination, the 54-year-old Texan talked about education, strengthening Social Security and Medicare, and lowering the cost of prescription drugs for senior citizens—a laundry list of Clintonesque priorities. And rather than simply celebrating prosperity, like the type of Republican that Democrats enjoy attacking as complacent and heartless, he called on his supporters to "use these good times for great goals."

In the short run, at least, it seems to be working. U.S. conventions may not actually select candidates anymore, but they do allow the parties to put their wares in the political shop window for four straight days. In polls taken at the end of his placid, feel-good convention, Bush took a lead of 11 to 14 points over his Democratic opponent, Vice-President Al Gore. That may quickly change. This week, the focus shifts abruptly to Gore and the Democrats. Gore was to name his running mate on Tuesday. And late next week, his party will formally nominate him in Los Angeles. But however programmed the meetings seem, they may be *the* decisive moments in the seemingly endless campaign for the White House. In 11 of the past dozen presidential elections, the candidate leading on Labour Day (after the conventions, but before the presidential debates) has gone on to win. The obvious conclusion is that the scripted messages and images really do have a powerful impact on public opinion.

If so, the images crafted by Bush's organizers were almost laughably obvious. First came the blind mountain climber who kicked off the opening session (message: all obstacles can be overcome). Then, a parade of black entrepreneurs, Latino veterans, female activists and plucky disabled people—a roll-call of constituencies not usually at the heart of the modern Republican party. Notably absent from the stage were the people who actually run the party—white men all, with the single exception of J.C. Watts of Oklahoma, the lone black Republican congressman (and onetime Ottawa Rough Rider quarterback). Absent, too, was any direct mention of the most striking political event of the past four years: the impeachment of Clinton. Putting the President on trial for his sins in the Monica Lewinsky affair backfired on Republicans, so the "I-word" was never spoken and the men who orchestrated the President's humbling in the House of Representatives were kept in the background. "I'm not welcome here," groused Henry Hyde, the portly Illinois congressman who led the impeachment forces just a year and a half ago.



Laura Bush (left) and her husband, George, Cheney and his wife, Lynne: the new ticket is well ahead of the Democrats

For the most part, though, the right-wing activists, culture-warriors and "family-values" champions who form the Republicans' most reliable base of support bit their lips and stayed silent. In some cases, literally so. When the party's only openly gay congressman, Jim Kolbe of Arizona, made a brief and unremarkable speech on trade, some Texas delegates signalled their disapproval by bowing their heads in a moment of prayer. Cathie Adams of Dallas, glittering in a vest adorned with red, white and blue sequins, orchestrated the silent protest but acknowledged that it was rather halfhearted. "But what are you going to do?" she asked amid a crush of delegates on the convention floor. "The important thing is to make sure we win."

Call it the discipline of desperation. After two losing national campaigns at the hands of a man they deem unworthy, Republicans were willing to sit still for almost anything that might end their eight-year exile from the White House. Colin Powell, the retired general and leading black Republican, treated them to a lecture that might have drawn boos from anyone else. He castigated Republicans who "condemn affirmative action that helped a few thousand black kids get an education." But, he added, "you hardly hear a whimper from them over affirmative action for lobbyists who load our federal tax code with preferences for special interests."

Republicans cheered—even at a convention largely paid for and hosted by the self-same special interests. Eight of the biggest U.S. companies—Microsoft, AT&T and Motorola among them—donated more than $1.5 million. Scores of other companies and trade associations threw in smaller


Jim Bourg/Reuters

Convention protesters: denouncing the gathering as a corporate love fest

amounts, sponsoring receptions, golf outings, lunches, brunches and dinners to honour assorted Republican luminaries and allow them to raise even more cash. Protesters who clashed with Philadelphia police denounced the gathering as a corporate love fest, but the Democrats' criticism was muted. After all, their gathering in Los Angeles will see a similar outpouring of business largesse.

In refashioning the Republicans' message, Bush has been remarkably fortunate. Both his father, as president, and Bob Dole, the nominee in 1996, had to fend off challenges from the right. That meant they had to placate the hardliners—for example, by allowing firebrand conservative Patrick Buchanan to make his infamous speech calling for a "culture war" at the 1992 convention. This year, Buchanan is off seeking the Reform Party nomination, and George W. Bush had a free hand. Ted Brown of Richmond, Va., one of the few black delegates (just four per cent of the total) put it this way: "When you're hungry, you're united. You're ready to overlook ideological divisions. So there aren't any pressures on Bush. He's been given a lot of leeway."

Ironically, one of the few forces that escaped Bush's control in Philadelphia were the ones most responsible for getting him there—his parents. Just as the party resolved to make nice, muting its attacks on Clinton and Gore, former president Bush and his wife, Barbara, were drawn into a spitting match with Clinton. Clinton started it on the eve of the convention by mocking George W.'s political heritage: "Nearest I can tell, the message of the Bush campaign is just that, 'How bad could I be? I've been governor of Texas, my daddy was president. Their fraternity had it for eight years, give it to ours for eight years.'" Bush Senior rose to the bait, warning Clinton that if the attacks continue, "I'm going to tell the nation what I think about him as a human being and a person."

In 11 of the past dozen U.S. elections, the candidate leading on Labour Day has gone on to win the presidency

Presidents just aren't supposed to quarrel in public. More important, the spat between them revived an issue that the Bush campaign would prefer remain unspoken—the perception that George W. is where he is simply because of his name and pedigree. In large part, of course, it is true. he is not only the son of a president, but the grandson of a senator and a direct descendant on his mother's side of a 19th-century president, Franklin Pierce. He followed his father to the exclusive Andover Academy, to Yale University, into the oil business in Texas and eventually into politics. But the notion that he is a son of privilege inheriting a patrician mantle grates on both generations of Bushes. "I don't like the 'dynasty' and 'legacy' and all that," the elder Bush said last week.

It also hurts because Bush must overcome perceptions that he is a lightweight, flying far higher than his own abilities would take him. Democrats were delighted to rub in the notion that Poppy, as the elder Bush is famously known in family circles, had to ride again to the rescue of his boy. Another way it could hurt is by fuelling the notion that the Bush clan is out for vengeance against the man who bested their patriarch in 1992. Only once before has a president's son followed him into the Oval Office, and that was in 1825 when John Quincy Adams, son of John Adams, became president. But that was 24 years after his father's defeat; George W. is running while the wounds of eight years ago are still raw.

The Bush camp resists any notion that it wants payback—rightly dismissing, for example, a *Newsweek* cover that labelled George W. and his vice-presidential running mate, Dick Cheney, as "The Avengers." Still, Bush relies heavily on stalwarts from his father's White House—particularly those closely associated with Bush Senior's greatest victory, the Persian Gulf War. Cheney, a onetime chief of staff to former president Gerald Ford (who suffered a minor stroke while attending the convention), was defence secretary during the Gulf War. Powell was the top military official at the time and is in line to be George W. Bush's secretary of state; Condoleezza Rice, his leading foreign policy adviser, also served in the Bush White House; so, too, did his chief economic adviser, Lawrence Lindsay.

Gore, of course, has his own problems with defining himself independently from a senior, more imposing figure. His campaign let it be known last week that it was not particularly happy when Clinton picked his fight with the Bushes; the last thing it wants is voters thinking that Gore needs his boss to defend him. His party's convention will be his best chance at getting out from Clinton's long shadow. By the time it ends, both candidates will have had their clearest shot at presenting themselves to the voters. And if the pattern of recent American political history holds true, the contest for the White House could be all over, bar the shouting. m

Schreiber ordered to trial

A German court ruled that German-Canadian businessman Karlheinz Schreiber must stand trial on charges of tax evasion and bribery. Schreiber, who is fighting extradition from Canada, is accused of helping to arrange at least $1.5 million in illegal donations to the Christian Democratic Party.

Massacres in Kashmir

More than 100 people were murdered, in seven bloody attacks, in the Indian state of Kashmir. Indian officials blamed Islamic militants for the attacks in the territory, which both India and Pakistan claim. More than 25,000 people have died in the region since 1989, when Islamic guerrillas began fighting for an independent Kashmir.

Pinochet immunity denied

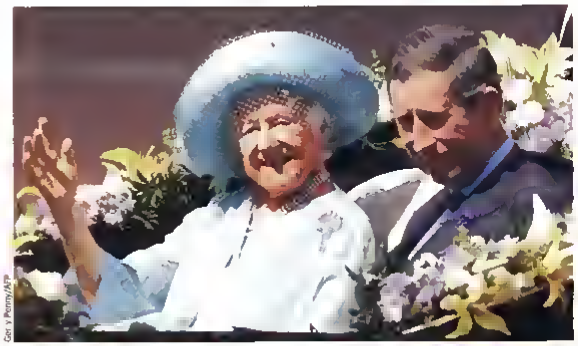
The Chilean Supreme Court voted to strip former dictator Gen. Augusto Pinochet, 84, of his senatorial immunity, removing the last obstacle to putting him on trial to face criminal charges. Pinochet, who ruled Chile for 17 years following a military coup in 1973, was arrested in London in 1998 on a Spanish murder warrant. But he avoided trial, when he was released in March, for health reasons.

Suharto fit to stand trial

In what is being seen as a test of Indonesians' resolve to end years of corruption, the government charged former president Suharto with fraud. Suharto, who ruled Indonesia with an iron fist for 32 years before being forced from office in 1998, is accused of misusing $800 million from seven charities he controlled.

Soldier receives life sentence

A U.S. army court sentenced Staff Sgt. Frank Ronghi, 36, to life in prison without parole for killing an ethnic Albanian girl in Kosovo. Ronghi, who was on a peacekeeping mission in the Balkans at the time of the January murder, confessed to sodomizing and strangling 11-year-old Merita Shabiu before dumping her bruised and lacerated body in the snow.


Get'y Penny/AFP

Queen Mum celebrates 100

The Queen Mother and Prince Charles, riding in a flower-trimmed landau, wave to the thousands of people who gathered outside Buckingham Palace to mark her 100th birthday. She later appeared on the palace balcony with her daughters, Queen Elizabeth II and Princess Margaret, to hear a 42-gun salute, which ended a month of parties, pageants and religious services marking the event.

Barak under siege

Attempts by Israeli President Ehud Barak to reach a compromise on the future administration of Jerusalem has plunged his government into chaos. First, in a clear snub of Barak's peace efforts, the Israeli Parliament elected Moshe Katsav, a relatively obscure member of the opposition right-wing Likud Party, as president, a largely ceremonial post, defeating former prime minister Shimon Peres, a strong advocate of the peace process and a former winner of the Nobel Peace Prize. Then, Barak's foreign minister, David Levy, resigned, accusing Barak of moving too fast in his discussions with Palestinian Authority President Yasser Arafat at the failed Camp David talks last month. Finally, legislators voted 61 to 51 to dissolve the government, although the measure is unlikely to emerge from a government-controlled committee when Parliament resumes on Oct. 29.

Barak could still save his government by reaching an acceptable compromise with Arafat, who is threatening to declare the existence of a Palestinian state on Sept. 13 in the absence of any new agreement. Meanwhile, U.S. President Bill Clinton called on Arafat to compromise in his demands for sovereignty over Jerusalem, in order to achieve a lasting peace.

Canadians accused of terrorism

In a move that analysts saw as an attempt to inflame nationalist passions against the West, the Yugoslav army arrested two Canadian, two British and four Dutch citizens. The Canadians, Shaun Going, 45, and his nephew, Liam Hall, 19, both of Calgary, had been working on a construction project in Kosovo. They were arrested while on holiday in Montenegro, Serbia's sister republic in Yugoslavia, and accused of training secessionists in terrorist tactics. The arrests came three days after the government announced that the four Dutchmen had been plotting to assassinate Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic.



A Chapters store in Toronto: recent results show rising sales matched by rising losses

Struggle to Survive

Worried book publishers wonder which is worse: a future with—or without—the troubled Chapters chain of megastores

By Jane O'Hara

It was a feat of magic befitting Harry Potter. In early July, Allan MacDougall, the head of Vancouver's Raincoast Books, was in the same jam as most Canadian publishers. Collectively, they were owed tens of millions of dollars in back payments by gigantic bookstore chain Chapters Inc. and its distribution arm, Pegasus Wholesale Inc. Worse still, Chapters had been returning mountains of books to publishers' warehouses in lieu of cash. For months, most publishers suffered silently: many were deeply fearful that complaining would result in the loss of their best customer. But MacDougall had an ace up his sleeve. As the Canadian publisher of J. K. Rowling's blockbuster, *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*, he controlled the hottest publishing property in years. With that as leverage, he informed Chapters' chief executive officer, Larry Stevenson, that he would not ship the fantastically popular books to Chapters unless he received payment up front.

At first, Stevenson—a former paratrooper well-known for his hardball business tactics—tried to brazen it out. Even though Raincoast is the only Canadian supplier, Stevenson threatened to purchase the Potter book elsewhere and "buy a lot less" of Raincoast's other titles. But within a few days, Stevenson relented. He sent Raincoast cheques for the Potter books, although not before he squeezed a further three-per-cent discount from them because he had prepaid. Still, the news that Raincoast had wrangled money from the book Goliath—which was behind as much as 180 days on some of its payments—gave hope to other Canadian publishers awaiting crucial cash from Chapters. Said one publisher who requested anonymity: "Allan MacDougall is my hero."

Raincoast's successful manoeuvre quickly inspired copycatting by other publishers, including the prestigious Toronto-based HarperCollins Canada Ltd. Two weeks ago, HarperCollins, which publishes such bestsellers as *The Perfect Storm* and *The Poisonwood Bible*, put Chapters on a "credit hold." They refused to ship any new books to Chapters until the bookseller coughed up part of the more than $10 million they say they were owed from as far back as Christmas, 1999. But when word of the standoff leaked out, HarperCollins and Chapters quickly papered over their differences. "Chapters is in good financial standing with HarperCollins," said HarperCollins president Claude Primeau, "and we have every confidence about our future relationship with this valued partner."

Despite the efforts at public reconciliation, the 44-year-old Stevenson is furious that his company is under attack. He insists that Chapters' suppliers are being paid after 60 days. He vehemently denies Chapters is in a cash crunch. But late last week, Chapters' chief financial officer, Tamara Lawson, left the firm. She was preceded by Rick Segal, the president and chief operating officer of Chapters' troubled online operation, who departed in late June. And Chapters Inc. stock is in the doldrums. After peaking at just above $35 one year ago, it hit an all-time low of $7.95 last week. By week's end, it had edged back to close at $9.30. Stevenson, who still holds more than 600,000 shares himself, charged that newspaper reports chronicling his disputes with publishers were erroneous and had harmed the company. "Standard operating issues are being blown into a financial crisis," Stevenson said last week as he announced Chapters' first-quarter results.

Those results were decidedly mixed. For the 13-week period ending July 1, company sales rose from $122.4 million to $136.9 million. But Chapters' losses grew too, to $12.7 million, well up from $9.4 million for the same quarter a year ago. Most of the red ink came from Chapters' online operations and its money-losing wholesale business, Pegasus, which buys books from publishers at a steep discount. Still, Stevenson says he was pleased with the company's overall performance: "We've actually never been in better financial shape." Maybe so, but Chapters is still bending over backwards to hook buyers: in an interview with *Maclean's*, Stevenson confirmed that visitors to its Web site can order Margaret Atwood's keenly awaited new novel, *The Blind Assassin*, at a stunning 50-per-cent discount. "It's a loss leader," explained Stevenson. "It's a cost-effective way of acquiring a customer."

Some analysts weren't so sure. "There are red flags everywhere around this company," said Toronto's Benj Gallander, editor of *Contra the Heard*, an investment newsletter which tracks publicly traded companies. Gallander, who has written two financial books, first heard about Chapters' tardy payment practices from his own publisher, Mike O'Connor of Insomniac Press. But for Gallander, what counts are the company's moves over the past five years. Gallander believes that in establishing its dominant market share, Chapters may have expanded too quickly. He also questions the company's costly start-up of Pegasus in June, 1999, and Stevenson's recent decision to sell it if the price is right. "That's highly questionable," said Gallander. "They go to all the effort to establish it and then they backtrack a year later."

That road leads back to Stevenson, a Toronto venture capitalist with a masters in business administration from Harvard who is the brains behind Chapters. In 1991, he targeted Canada's $1.3-billion book-selling industry as being ripe for an American-style takeover. Using more than $70 million in private investors' money, he merged Canada's two largest book chains, Coles and SmithBooks, creating Chapters, and its bold new superstore format, in 1995. The big, flashy stores—

Handsome Returns

Larry Stevenson may be slow to pay Canadian publishers for their books at times, but he has done better when it comes to making money from Chapters. A sampling of the personal returns his venture has generated:

- Total salaries and bonuses (1996 to 1999): **$1,438,833**
- Total sales of stock (Aug., 1998, to Feb., 1999): 240,600 shares worth **$5,666,152**
- Total purchases of stock since the last time he sold stock on Feb. 26 (Nov., 1999, to June, 2000): 18,900 shares for **$289,760**
- According to insider-trading reports filed with the Ontario Securities Commission, Stevenson still owns 610,441 shares of Chapters Inc. At $9.30, the closing price on Fri. Aug. 4, his holdings are worth **$5.7 million**

Sources: Ontario Securities Commission and company news releases



Darren Brown/Maclean's

THE MANSE: In April, 1998, the Chapters CEO bought this home in Toronto's tony Forest Hill area for $3,505,000. The house is in his wife Pamela's name.



Stevenson: furious about reports of a cash crunch

also adopted by Chapters' main rival, Indigo Books, founded by Toronto's Heather Reisman in 1996—promised consumers a different book-buying experience. And Canadian publishers salivated at the thought of stocking the acres of shelves in these lushly appointed emporiums. "We were happy to keep filling this pipeline," said one publisher.

But there were victims of this massive expansion as well: about a dozen independent booksellers, including Lichtman's in Toronto and Sandpiper in Calgary, collapsed their tents as the Chapters juggernaut rolled through the industry. Gerry Ruby, a 30-year publishing veteran and owner of the now-bankrupt Lichtman's, believes Chapters was a stock play for Stevenson. "Larry is a bright boy," Ruby told *Maclean's*. "He knew that even with a monopoly there's not nearly enough business in Canada to support these superstores. Not enough people read. But he knew that he and his executives could make some money. No matter what happened to the company." In fact, two stock offerings—Chapters Inc. in 1997 and Chapters Online in 1999—raised close to $76 million. Stevenson himself held 591,541 shares worth more than $20 million when they touched above $35 last year.

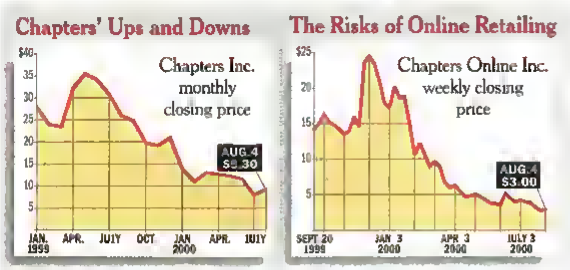
Stevenson says that's dead wrong. "It's categorically untrue," he told *Maclean's*. "It's been a great financial story having very little to do with stock. We've built Canada's leading e-tailer. How can you have the number 1 brand in the country and say that's a stock play?"

> 'The more they give, the more he wants and the more desperate everything gets'

No one can deny that Stevenson's concept has been popular with many consumers. There are now 71 superstores across the country, offering deep discounts and comfortable armchairs where shoppers can spend an afternoon sipping cappuccino and sampling books and magazines. "Larry has done some good things for publishing," said Ken Thomson, vice-president of sales and marketing for Canadian publishing icon McClelland & Stewart. "He's increased the profile of books and brought more people into the bookstores." Thomson adds that since Chapters came on the scene, McClelland & Stewart's sales have grown year over year. "It's been significant," said Thomson, who came to the book business 5½ years ago. But when asked whether selling more books has also fattened M&S's profits, his answer is succinct: "No, it hasn't."

One big reason publishers aren't making more money, even though they are selling more books, is simple: Pegasus, which is controlled by Chapters, demands deep discounts of 50 per cent. That is about five per cent above the normal discount rate, just enough to whittle publishers' profit margins—already razor-thin—down to almost nothing. When Chapters and Pegasus were ordering huge numbers of books, as they were in previous years, the discounts were easier to stomach. But that changed abruptly earlier this year. Suddenly, spring book orders dropped precipitously. Moreover, Chapters and Pegasus started unloading unprecedented amounts of inventory: although it is standard practice for retailers to return unsold books, and Stevenson says it is part of a rigorous new inventory management system, publishers say that Chapters is taking advantage of the industry tradition. One publisher got six times as many books returned this year as in 1999. "Returning books keeps their accounts in order. But it's a chicken-and-egg thing. They're short of cash. They can't pay us. They send us returns. We're short of cash."

The publishers' complaints about Chapters' business practices amuse Jim Munro, owner of Munro's Books in Victoria. With 38 years in the business, Munro says the publishers have no one to blame but themselves for the fix they are in. He maintains that they repeatedly caved in to Chapters' demands on everything from discounts to terms of payment. They even agreed to pay Chapters to have certain titles displayed in the stores. "The publishers created this monster," said Munro, whose 6,000-square-foot store in a stately heritage building in downtown Victoria sits within a couple of blocks of a Chapters superstore. "After embracing Larry, they gave him everything he wanted. Now, they're finding that the more they give, the more he wants and the more desperate everything gets." In these tumultuous times for book publishing, one thing is clear: the final chapters of this story have yet to be written.



Will the sky fall?

Publishers worry about Chapters' survival

By Linda McKnight

Once again, the book publishing business in Canada is in trouble. Anonymous insiders are suggesting that if Chapters collapses, it may take half of the publishing industry with it. The sky is falling, once again. Or is it? Last week, the largest publisher in the country, Random House of Canada, seemed to be downplaying the seriousness of the crisis. And HarperCollins settled its difficulties with the chain. The mantra seems to be: stay calm.

So, is the sky falling? If you put that question to any five veterans of the Canadian book business, you will get two saying "yes," two saying "no," and one who shrugs and says, "So, what's new?" Every decade, seemingly, a crisis comes along and the industry is in turmoil again.

Currently, we have the problem of Chapters, its health and continued existence. Industry insiders are right to be concerned. When the customer who buys roughly 50 per cent of your annual output indicates that his buying patterns will change, you worry. When that same customer, operating within established principles of the book business, can and does return 40 or 50 per cent of his purchases for a full refund, you start having sleepless nights. Because of its buying power, Chapters has enormous influence on the health of the trade-publishing sector.

Agents began to notice a slowdown in payments to writers this spring. What was contractually due in April was being promised in May and finally received in June or July. The rumours started. The value of the inventory being returned to publishers was massive. Could the system absorb it? We began to get nervous. Writers can't use "industry problems" to get an extension on their rent or mortgage payments. Would it be business as usual, or would we soon be seeing casualties—loss of jobs, vanishing imprints, even vanishing publishers?

How did this happen? The book business, whether it be creating, producing or selling, is largely inhabited by intelligent, hardworking and creative people. Larry Stevenson is a smart, aggressive businessman. Miraculously, he secured government permission to combine Coles and Smith/Classics into one massive unit. He had backing, and a clear playing field.

As the big-box stores grew, the bookselling community changed. Names like Britnell's, Duthies, Lichtman's started to disappear. The independents' share of the market dwindled. Was Chapters the villain? Still, sales seemed to boom—for certain titles. And publishers seemed happy.

Then along came Pegasus, the wholesale arm of Chapters, and suddenly publishers weren't happy at all. Pegasus played hardball, with an iron fin. A 50-per-cent discount—or else. The publisher's net, never large, was already shrinking alarmingly. Still, the books were moving out and year-ends looked great. And if Chapters continued to expand, or even maintain sales levels, they'd be OK.

Alas, as in all things, there are limits to growth. Canada is a small book market. Roughly 25 per cent of the population speaks and reads French. Another 25 per cent is functionally illiterate. The great majority of Canadians don't read books frequently, and don't buy books regularly. Chapters was determined to change this, to bring people into their stores, to make books exciting. And they should be applauded for it. But when their business plan hit a snag, the impact on the publishers was huge.

What went wrong? For me, the answer is simple. Harvard B-School rules don't work in the book business. In what other business do you have 100,000 to 110,000 *new* products entering your market each year? Where your retailers can return the product for full credit a year or more from receipt? Where your plant can't be streamlined because your product varies in size, extent, content and delivery date year after year. Where it is impossible to test-market in advance because of the prohibitive costs. Decisions on what to stock and for how long are horrendous.

Entrepreneurs can stumble when they enter the business of books, their visions curtailed by the illogical reality of the way it works. And it does work, to a marvellous degree; some would say in spite of itself. Writers from around the world "speak" to readers around the world because of the book business. It's better than the Net and has far more impact. We insiders know that and know that the business will be here for a long time to come. So, no, the sky isn't falling; we will survive the current storm, with or without Chapters. We've had a lot of experience in survival. You could say we're experts at it.



Chapters' warehouse in Brampton, Ont: playing hardball

Linda McKnight, an authors' agent with Toronto-based Westwood Creative Artists, was formerly publisher of McClelland & Stewart and of Macmillan of Canada.



Deirdre McMurdy

Tackling a tricky business

It's easy to be cynical about corporate governance in Canada. Like hot lunches for orphans, it's an issue that everyone agrees is noble and worthy. But the responsibility and role of directors gets more lip service than actual action, a fact well-documented by a series of recent business scandals that underscored the astonishing lack of attention to detail paid by the boards in question. Furthermore, compliance with governance guidelines is almost entirely voluntary.

But Guylaine Saucier is determined to shake up the status quo. Chairwoman of the CBC, she is also the head of a task force created last month to examine what needs to be done to upgrade the standard of Canadian corporate governance. According to Saucier, improvement is imperative to ensure that Canadian capital markets continue to attract international investors after such high-profile embarrassments as Bre-X Minerals, YBM Magnex and RT Capital. "There isn't one single incident that led to the formation of the task force," she insists. "Several elements just came together."

Among those elements was a reunion of the original members of the Toronto Stock Exchange's Dey Committee, who gathered to assess the progress made since its 1994 report, "Where Were the Directors?" Their conclusion was that much of the report's initial momentum had dissipated and, backed by officials of the TSE, the Canadian Venture Exchange and the Canadian Institute of Chartered Accountants, it was time to take a fresh look at a well-worn subject.

Among the areas Saucier wants her eight to 10 hand-picked task-force colleagues—drawn from corporations, the investment community, law and accounting—to consider are the special requirements of technology companies with publicly traded stocks, as well as the needs of the smaller, entrepreneurial companies that have come to play such a key role in Canada's economic growth. "We must balance these young companies' need for flexibility and creativity with the need for strong governance and structure," she says.

Another of Saucier's objectives will be to pursue the notion that boards of directors, like senior management teams, should have a formal succession plan. "It's a growing concern that 10 years from now, a huge number of corporate directors will suddenly retire," Saucier notes. "They can't all be replaced at once. There has to be a gradual, orderly process starting now."

As part of that succession strategy, Saucier admits that she'd like to see more women play a role on boards of directors. "I'm absolutely not in favour of quotas," she insists. "But the number of women on boards now, compared to 10 years ago, doesn't show much progress." So, is there an Old Boys network that keeps a lock on business power in Canada? "Probably, yes," she laughs. "But things are opening a little."

Few people are more qualified to back up that comment than Saucier. She sits on the boards of Nortel Networks, Petro-Canada and the Bank of Montreal. From 1987 to 1991, she also served as a director of the Bank of Canada. Saucier was the first woman appointed to the presidency of the Quebec Chamber of Commerce. And, in addition to chairing the CBC, she is chairwoman of the CICA.

But her credentials for the corporate governance task force go much deeper. While she is very much a part of Canada's corporate establishment, as a woman and a francophone who lives in Montreal and works in Ottawa, she brings an unusual perspective to the clubby, wood-panelled world of Canadian directors.

A chartered accountant by profession, Saucier is also well-positioned to address the governance challenges that affect small, entrepreneurial firms. At 29, she became the head of the second-largest sawmill company in Quebec, Groupe Gérard Saucier ltée, when her father died suddenly in an accident. After running the family-owned company for 15 years, she sold it in 1989. "In my early 40s, I was suddenly retired and contemplating the future," she explains. "I was going to buy another business, but the economy was booming and they were too expensive. Then, I began to be offered directorships."

Her interest in the subject of corporate governance is rooted in her background as an accountant and the role of auditors and audit committees in the process. But, despite her experience, Saucier is the first to admit that she was astonished by—and ill-prepared for—the offer to become chairwoman of the CBC in 1995. "I was absolutely taken by surprise," she admits. "The shift from lumber to broadcasting isn't easy. But maybe, sometimes, it's a plus not to know too much about something."

Saucier's determination to make a mark with her new task force does not extend to making the recommendations—due next spring—mandatory. "If you start to get very rigid rules, you run into trouble," she explains, "because you're necessarily dealing with companies in many different situations, in different stages and markets. That means flexibility." Of course, she allows, perhaps recalling the fading of the Dey report, "I may change my mind on that."

Nortel spinoff

As part of an ongoing campaign to move away from computer support services, Brampton, Ont.-based Nortel Networks Corp. said that it will outsource 2,000 of its employees. The staffers, who work in areas such as help-desk and network support, have been offered positions with Computer Sciences Corp. of El Segundo, Calif. More than 700 of the workers now live in Canada. Nortel said the plan to rationalize its businesses will take three years and affect a total of about 8,000 employees worldwide.

Bombardier expands

One of Canada's fastest-growing companies just got bigger. Montreal-based Bombardier Inc. announced that it will buy DaimlerChrysler AG's railway-equipment firm for $1.1 billion. The Adtranz unit has some 22,000 employees and has worked with Bombardier in the past to build subway lines in Toronto, Montreal and New York City. DaimlerChrysler said it wants to concentrate on its core automotive business.

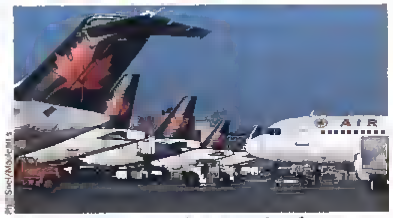
Forestry profits up

A report by PricewaterhouseCoopers concluded that the B.C. forestry industry has returned to profitability, making $923 million last year, compared with losses of $1.1 billion in 1998. In a joint announcement, the Council of Forest Industries complained that too much of the industry's revenues—25 per cent—go to the government in the form of taxes and stumpage fees. Over the past decade, governments have received $36 billion from the industry, compared with $1.5 billion returned to investors, the council said.

Teleglobe leaves Formula One

After only two seasons, Teleglobe Inc. said it is pulling out of a five-year, $100-million contract to sponsor the Formula One BAR Honda racing team, led by Montrealer Jacques Villeneuve. BCE Inc. is in the process of purchasing the part of Teleglobe it does not already own, in a deal worth about $6.8 billion. BCE head Jean Monty has been pushing to reduce Teleglobe's costs.

Jumbo profits at Air Canada



Air Canada's money machines: record profits

Despite problems with its pilots union, sharply rising fuel prices and an avalanche of consumer complaints, Air Canada's profits are soaring. Canada's dominant national carrier announced record-breaking profits of $118 million in the second quarter, up from $64 million a year earlier. Chief executive officer Robert Milton said the results were "very pleasing," adding that Air Canada has become the fastest-growing airline in the world.

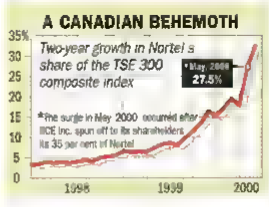
Milton noted that the company, which merged with Canadian Airlines earlier this year, is losing about $1 million a day because of labour uncertainty: many passengers are choosing other airlines as Air Canada continues to fend off a strike by its pilots, who are seeking better wages and job security. Ottawa has appointed a mediator to resolve the standoff. Milton also acknowledged that many customers encountered service problems following the merger, but noted that 1,400 new employees are being hired to help deal with the issue. Bruce Hood, a former National Hockey League referee, has also been appointed by Ottawa as the new airline complaints commissioner.

Segregated funds to be scrutinized

The Ontario Financial Services Commission announced a review of segregated funds—the insurance industry's answer to mutual funds—to ensure they are being properly managed. The move came after Toronto-based Transamerica Life Insurance Co. of Canada announced that it had uncovered a scheme in which 56 employees made "inappropriate" trades in one of its technology funds. Transamerica said all policyholders will be reimbursed for their losses, which total between $4 million and $6 million.

Financial Outlook

What is good for Nortel is good for the TSE 300 composite index. The telecom giant accounts for a whopping 34.15 per cent of the index, which is made up of 300 Canadian companies weighted according to their market value. Every time Nortel's stock fluctuates by 10 per cent, it pulls the TSE 300, and all mutual funds linked to the index, up or down by 3.5 per cent. Second place, Seagram Co. Ltd., accounts for only 2.85 per cent of the index.



It's even more startling that Nortel's share of the TSE 300 soared nearly 1000 per cent in only 2½ years. Much of that growth is due to new stock issues, which it used to acquire other high tech firms. BCE Inc.'s decision earlier this year to spin off its 35 per cent share of Nortel to shareholders also boosted the company's value.

Thin is in—and people are messing with Mother Nature as never before

Body Envy



By Nora Underwood

Dr. Stephen Mulholland is no psychic, but he can make astoundingly accurate predictions about what his clients are going to want. All he has to do is run through the movie listings and keep on top of popular television shows, and the Toronto plastic surgeon can anticipate at least some of the business that will be coming his way. Angelina Jolie is on the cover of several magazines and starring in a couple of movies? Requests for lip augmentations will soar. Jennifer Lopez displays her assets in a barely there dress at an awards ceremony and breast implants become even more of a roust-have. Leonardo DiCaprio strips down in *Titanic* or *The Beach*, and requests for hair removal shoot up 20 per cent. "I have been amazed by the call of Hollywood," says Mulholland. "Younger people want to look done. They want to take on the physical attributes and characteristics of the stars of the day."

American writer Allen Ginsberg once said, "Whoever controls the media—the images—controls the culture." Truer words were never spoken. The media, and those they celebrate, have always influenced fashion and body shape. But what's remarkable now is how profoundly body image is affected by popular culture, and how willing—no, eager—people are to mess with Mother Nature.

Why the rush to retool? For one thing, baby boomers—the demographic group that can usually be counted on to rewrite the rules—are stampeding across the 50-year mark. They have long been obsessed with youth and vitality, and even before researchers mapped a rough draft of the human body's genes earlier this year, the prospects for a longer, healthier life were increasing all the time. So were the options for making changes, be they profound or merely skin-deep—from celebrity-endorsed diets and exercise crazes to fitness trainers, weight-loss or muscle-building drugs and sophisticated cosmetic surgery procedures.

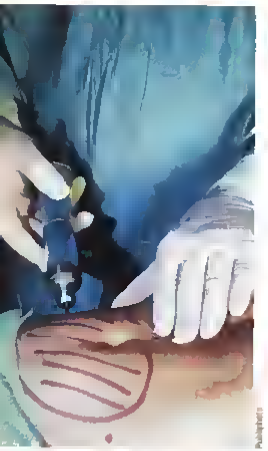
There are best-seller lists packed with diet books (*Dr. Atkins' New Diet Revolution*, Barry Sears' *The Zone*), magazines filled with the beauty secrets of the stars ("Never eat bread!" "Do three hours of yoga every day!") and, everywhere, famous thin women and body-hair-free, heavily bicepped men. "We place such a big premium on whatever the designers and image-makers have created as what's beautiful," says Mulholland. "That inspires conformity, it inspires the concept of self-worth through physical attractiveness. 'Beauty fades' just isn't true anymore."

During the 1920s, thin women were briefly in vogue, but their popularity was usurped by the likes of Mae West, Jean Harlow, Rita Hayworth and Marilyn Monroe. In the 1960s, model

There are so many options, from celebrity-endorsed diets to muscle-building drugs to sophisticated cosmetic surgery

Twiggy helped usher in the next era of thin—one that has never completely abated. Some of that trend, notes Dr. Paul Garfinkel, head of the Toronto-based Centre for Addiction and Mental Health, "is an emulation of the higher social classes. Some relates to extreme health consciousness, some to a desire to control, some to a narcissistic preoccupation with youth and appearance." But much of it, he adds, "has to do with media and advertising—the notion that appearance is the self. The world has become much more superficial."

And because we have truly become a global village, particularly as a result of the Internet, there are few corners of the world left untouched by western popular culture—or impervious to its influences (page 41). In fact, two researchers travelled to a corner of Peru that had little experience with western culture and showed men there a variety of images of women —fat and skinny, shapely and tubular (bodies with less differentiation between waist and hip). The results, which were published in the journal *Nature* in November, 1998: the men found the heavier, tubular women more attractive and healthy looking. Peruvian men from less remote villages who had had more exposure to western culture regarded thinner, smaller-waisted women as more desirable.



Performing liposuction, for the younger generation, just another lifestyle choice

How thin is too thin? The average North American woman is five-foot four and weighs 140 lb.; the average model, on the other hand, is five-foot-11 and weighs 117 lb. In May, the British medical establishment issued a report that blamed the media's preoccupation with the ultra-thin on the growing numbers of eating disorders among young women. "Female models are becoming thinner at a time when women are becoming heavier, and the gap between the ideal body shape and the reality is wider than ever," the British Medical Association wrote. "There is a need for more realistic body shapes to be shown on television and in fashion magazines." At a summit in London a month later, British editors pledged to monitor images that appeared in their magazines and use "models who varied in shape and size."

That's exactly what editor Cyndi Tebbel had in mind when she published her April, 1997, "Big Issue" of the Australian edition of *New Woman* magazine, which featured size-16 model Emme Aronson on the covet and photographs of average-size women inside. Despite the positive response from many readers, big-money advertisers hated it, complaining so much, in fact, that Tebbel—who has since written a book called *The Body Snatchers: How the Media Shapes Women*—was forced to resign.

Others are also challenging the thin-is-in ethic. Three years ago, Allyson Mitchell and Mariko Tamaki founded Pretty, Porky and Pissed Off, a Toronto-based fat activist group. They initially handed out flyers and candy outside a fashionable clothing store that sold only small-sized items. They have since put on plays, organized regular clothing swaps with other large women and are now working on a documentary. They approach the subject of fat in a humorous way, but their message is serious. "It's important to reach out to other people because our stories are all very similar—like never having clothes that fit, crazy yo-yo diets," says Tamaki. "So we're trying to tell kids that beauty is more than fitting into a size-4 pant."

Sure, but try telling that to fashion writer Dick Snyder, who, in a recent column in *The Globe and Mail*, extolled the virtues of thin women. "Magazines with sexy, skinny girls on the cover sell like crazy," he wrote. "Very few guys will admit it, but these magazines attract them like bees to honey. And women buy them as well. Slap a heavy model on the covet and that magazine will sit around collecting a month's worth of dust. You can't blame that on skinny girls."

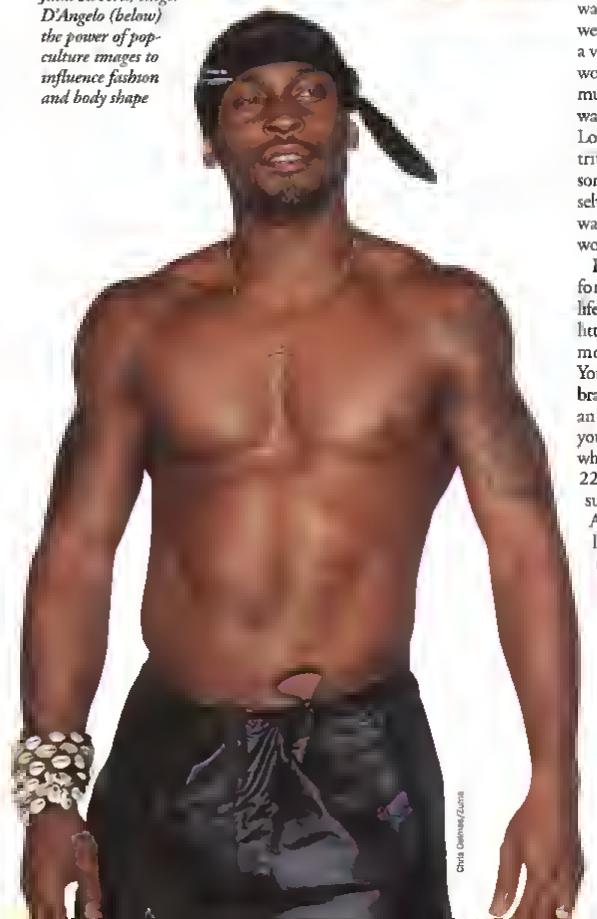
According to Greek myth, when Eos, goddess of the dawn, fell for the mortal Tithonus, she begged Zeus to give her beloved immortality. But she neglected to ask for eternal youth as part of the deal. As Tithonus aged, Eos lost interest in him—eventually ending the union by turning him into a cicada.

In the non-mythological world, it seems, a long, healthy life alone is not enough. People want to look as good as they feel. In 1920, the average Canadian lifespan was 59 years; today it is 79. And once the genes responsible for aging can be manipulated, anything, conceivably, is possible. "No one wants to prolong life if it means sitting in some home and being cared for," explains Dr. Claudio De Lorenzi, president of the Canadian Society of Aesthetic Plastic Surgery. "People want to play golf and tennis and then die with their boots on."

In other words, growing old gracefully just isn't much of an option anymore, particularly for the boomers and succeeding generations. "This is the fastest-growing group of men and women seeking cosmetic surgery," says Mulholland. "They created jogging, the tennis club, the cult of youth and vitality. And now they're finding that genetics is not allowing them to maintain that edge."



Actresses Calista Flockhart (left), Jennifer Lopez and Julia Roberts, singer D'Angelo (below) the power of pop-culture images to influence fashion and body shape



Louisa, a 64-year-old German-born woman who asked not to be identified, was always slim and looked and felt young for her age. Since her retirement six years ago, she put on a little weight and developed a few more wrinkles than she would have liked. Her body no longer reflected how she felt inside. With $25,000 she inherited, Louisa made some changes, starting with a tummy tuck, then laser surgery on her face to remove wrinkles, rhinoplasty (nose job), an eyelid tuck and finally a face-lift. "When I was growing up, 64 was ancient," she says. "But I'm the type who wears miniskirts and lots of makeup. I jog, I'm a very active person." She knows her decision would have shocked her parents. "There's so much that we take for granted these days that was absolutely taboo in the olden days," adds Louisa. "We know so much more about nutrition and exercise. Why shouldn't we do something about our bodies? We look at ourselves and we see our mothers. Now, when I wake up, I look at myself and I think, 'Hey woman, you look great.'"

For the generation now entering the labour force, cosmetic surgery is simply another lifestyle choice, and having it done involves little more introspection—and certainly no more guilt—than changing hair colour. Younger people, says Mulholland, have "embraced the concept of physical manipulation as an improvement of what has been given to you. There are almost no ground rules as to who you can be and what you can be." In 1998, 22,000 American teenagers had cosmetic surgery—a 95-per-cent increase from 1992. Among the most popular procedures were liposuction, rhinoplasty and breast implants; the latter have been controversial, although a *New England Journal of Medicine* article in March concluded that gel-filled implants were unrelated to connective tissue disease or other autoimmune or rheumatic conditions.

What they're seeking has changed too, says Dr. Robert Thompson, a plastic surgeon in Vancouver. "With the young group, there's less fear of cosmetic surgery than ever before," he says, "with women who want to not only have a breast augmentation, but a very large augmentation." If Thompson points out to a patient that what she wants isn't in proportion



Pretty, Porky and Pissed Off: humorous—but serious message

with the rest of her body, he adds, "many say they don't care—they don't mind if people know they have implants. 'Natural' often doesn't enter into the equation."

Sophia is five-foot-six and 115 lb., but already the 23-year-old woman has had cosmetic surgery to enhance a body she felt was imperfect. At 20, she had breast augmentation to increase her less-than-A cup to a B. Last fall, she had liposuction to smooth out her thighs—and to head off coming trouble. "There were certain areas I didn't like that I thought were going to get progressively worse as I got older," she says. "I look at the older generation and I wonder how did they get that way. They lost the bodies they had."

Sophia researched the procedures, saved the money to pay for them—$11,000 to date—working three part-time jobs, and then took the plunge. And she makes no apologies for her decision. Half a dozen of her friends have also had breast implants. "They're common," says Sophia matter-of-factly. And if she feels she needs more work in the future, she'll do it. "It's not that I'm a high-school dropout doing pornos," she adds. "I went to university, I have a great job, I own my car, I plan to get married one day and have children. I am a normal 23-year-old who's just had work done to better myself—for nobody else."

Anyone who thinks men are somehow spared body-image angst hasn't looked closely at the covers of men's magazines lately, with their photo spreads and advertisements featuring brawny, chiselled studs. Not that such pressures are new—Montreal's Weider brothers began pumping up their body-building empire in the 1940s. But Dr. Harrison Pope Jr., a professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School and one of the authors of *The Adonis Complex*, published earlier this year, believes that men's insecurities are becoming as insidious as women's. "Men are now beginning to get a taste of the same medicine that women have had to put up with for decades," explains Pope, "namely seeing pictures of unattainably perfect bodies in the media."

www.maclean.ca for links

Pope and his colleagues devised a test for college men in the United States and Europe. Each man was shown a computerized image of a male body and was asked to change it to create the look he wanted and the one he thought women would like the best. On both sides of the Atlantic, the college students wanted an average of 30 lb. more muscle than they had, which they also felt would make them more attractive to women. When the researchers asked women to choose the male bodies they found attractive, they generally picked men with only slightly more muscle than average.

Part of what is fuelling male insecurity, says Pope, is the advent of anabolic steroids. "It's now possible to create male bodies that are more muscular and leaner than any natural male," he says. Pope also argues that many men have focused on their bodies as one of the few remaining ways to express their masculinity. "Women now can fly combat aircraft, they can go to military academies, they can be CEOs of multinational corporations," he adds, "so that men's traditional roles as soldiers and defenders and breadwinners have gradually been eroded." But no matter how much women can do, says Pope, they can't benchpress 300 lb.

Mark knows all about body-image pressures. He exercises like mad, is careful about what he eats and still wasn't happy with how he looked. "I wanted to look thinner and I didn't want to look quite so old," says the 45-year-old man, who does not wish to be identified. "I didn't want to look like I was 27. I wanted to look like a good 45." Mark had liposuction from his chest and abdomen, and had fat removed from under his chin and injected under his eyes to take away his tired look. Men, in fact, now comprise nine per cent of cosmetic surgeons' clients, men's liposuction procedures alone have increased 200 per cent since 1992.

But as John Xiros Cooper points out, obsessions with the body long predate Hollywood. "You just need one visit to the archeological museum in Athens to be impressed by how good-looking the Greeks were," laughs Cooper, an associate English professor at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, who is interested in the cultural impact of mass media. "But the body has become a commodity and like all commodities it's in constant need of updates. Now we have the technological means of changing its shape and the genome project has opened the door to unimaginable things. So the question is, how far are we going to go?" Bodies that are *more* perfect? Now *there's* something to feel insecure about. m



There are words we commonly associate with full-size Sport-Utilities. Agility usually isn't among them. But that was before the introduction of the completely redesigned 2000 GMC Yukon. It's been engineered with emphasis on controlled cornering as well as brutish size. And with its 5-link rear suspension, wider base and an even tighter turning radius, you may find a few more terms apply to the all-new 2000 GMC Yukon as well. Like "Wow" for instance.

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Distorted Images

Western cultures are exporting their dangerous obsession with thinness



Dhanani: 'I couldn't look in the mirror without feeling revulsion'

By Susan McClelland

When Zahra Dhanani was just seven years old, her four-foot frame already packed 100 lb.—so her mother, Shahbanu, put her on her first diet. "My mother, a fat woman, daughter of another fat woman, thought if I was skinny, different from her, I would be happy," says Dhanani. The diet, and many after, did not have the desired effect. By 13, Dhanani was sporadically swallowing appetite suppressants; at 17, she vomited and used laxatives to try to keep her weight under control. There were times when she wanted to die. "I had so much self-hate," recalls the 26-year-old Toronto immigration lawyer, "I couldn't look in the mirror without feeling revulsion."

The hate reflected more than just weight. "It was race," says Dhanani, who had moved with her family to Canada from East Africa when she was 4. "I was straightening my hair—doing anything to look white." Her recovery only began when, at age 19, she started to identify with women in other cultures. "I came to realize that there were people who revered large women of colour," says Dhanani, who now says she loves all of her 200 lb. She blames part of her earlier eating disorders on the images in western media. "When you have no role models to counteract the messages that fat is repulsive, it's hard to realize that you are a lovable human being."

Body image may be one of the western world's ugliest exports. Thanks to television, magazines, movies and the Internet, rail-thin girls and steroid-built beef-boys are being shoved in the faces of people all over the world. As a result, experts say, cultures that used to regard bulk as a sign of wealth and success are now succumbing to a narrow western standard of beauty. And that, in turn, is leading to incidences of eating disorders in regions where anorexia and bulimia had never been seen before. But body-image anxiety in ethnic cultures runs much deeper than weight. In South Africa, almost six years after the end of apartheid, black women still use harmful skin-bleaching creams in the belief that whiter is prettier. "We're seeing a homogenization and globalization of beauty ideals," says Niva Piran, a clinical psychologist at the University of Toronto. "It's white. It's thin. And the result is that people come to identify less with their own cultures and more with an image in the media."

In most cultures, bigger was considered better until the 19th century. "The larger a man's wife, the more he was seen as a good provider," says Joan Jacobs Brumberg, a professor of American women's history at Cornell University and author of *Fasting Girls: The History of Anorexia Nervosa*. That began to change during the Industrial Revolution, she says,



McConney: 'I don't see many people who look like me on air'

Peter J. Thompson for Maclean's

as women in the United States and Great Britain began to see thinness as a way to differentiate themselves from the lower classes. By the 1920s, fat was seen as unhealthy. And in the burgeoning magazine, movie and fashion industries, the women depicted as being successful in love, career and finances were slim and almost always white.

Still, eating disorders are not a modern affliction. Records of women starving themselves (anorexia) date back to the medieval period (1200 to 1500). As Brumberg notes in *Fasting Girls*, during this time, a woman who did not eat was admired for having found some other form of sustenance than food, like prayer. Yet, until the last century, the number of women who fasted was low. But, particularly over the past 30 years, the number of anorexics and women who self-induce vomiting (bulimia) or use laxatives has increased dramatically. "It's generally this obsession with the body, constant weight-watching, that introduces a person to these behaviours," says Merryl Bear of the Toronto-based National Eating Disorder Information Centre. It was commonly believed, however, that sufferers came predominantly from white, middle- and upper-class backgrounds. Experts thought ethnic minorities were immune because of their strong ties to communities that emphasize family and kinship over looks alone.

Records of women starving themselves date back to the medieval period

Studies done in the United States with Hispanic, black and Asian college students, however, show that women who are alienated from their minority cultures and integrated into mainstream society are prone to the same pressures of dieting as their white counterparts. In a recent study of South-Asian girls in Peel, Ont., 31 per cent responded that they were not comfortable with their body shape and size. Fifty-eight per cent compared their appearance with others, including fashion models—and 40 per cent wanted to look like them.

Some of the most compelling research comes from Harvard Medical School psychiatrist Anne Becker, who was in Fiji in 1995 when the government announced that TV, including western programs, would be introduced. "Fijians revere a body that is sturdy, tall and large—features that show that the body is strong, hardworking and healthy," says Becker. "Thinness and sudden weight loss was seen as some kind of social loss or neglect."

In 1998, Becker returned to Fiji and found that this had all changed. Her studies showed that 29 per cent of the girls now had symptoms of eating disorders. Many said they vomited to lose weight. But what was most alarming were the girls' responses about the role of television in their lives. "More than 80 per cent said that watching TV affected the way they felt about their bodies," Becker says. "They said things such as, 'I watched the women on TV, they have jobs. I want to be like them, so I am working on my weight now.' These teenagers are getting the sense that as Fiji moves into the global economy, they had better find some way to make wages and they are desperate to find role models. The West to them means success and they are altering their bodies to compete."

Cheryl McConney has felt the pressures to alter her body, too. The black 32-year-old native of Richmond Hill, Ont., co-hosts a daytime talk show on cable TV. And although it has not been difficult for her to get where she is in her career, she is concerned about how to navigate her next step. "Looking at Canadian television, I don't see many people who look like me on air," she says. At five-foot-five, and weighing about 145 lb., McConney has never been told she should lose weight. Still, in 1998, she went on a six-month, high-protein, low-carbohydrate diet, hoping to look better in front of the camera. She shed 20 lb. "I felt good. People in the studio thought I looked great, but it wasn't easy to maintain." Within a year, she had gained it all back.

For McConney, race has been more of an issue. An industry insider jokingly told her that she would do better if she dyed her hair blond. And just a few months ago, she was discouraged from applying for another on-air host position because of what the casting agents said they were looking for. "They wanted the 'girl next door' and 'peaches-and-cream' pretty, not chocolate and cream," says McConney, adding: "It was pretty clear some women were not invited to participate because of their skin colour." As to the girl next door part. "I said it just depends where you live."

While McConney says she is determined to make it on air despite the barriers, Linda, who requested *Maclean's* not use her real name, may not be around to see her success. The 19-year-old—part South African and part East Indian—has anorexia. She says trying to fit into a Canadian suburban community played a big role in her illness. "I was never proud of my different religion, different skin colour," she says. "I would put white baby powder on my cheeks just to make me look white." What alarms her now, Linda says, is that with her skin pale from malnutrition and her weight fluctuating between 75 and 85 lb., other young women often come up to her and say, "You look so good, I wish I looked like you." But she adds: "What they don't know is that my body is decaying. People glamorize eating disorders. But what it is is a lifetime of hospitalization and therapy." As long as the western media promote thinness and whiteness as the pinnacle of beauty, stories like Linda's will remain all too familiar. m

Earth's wobble

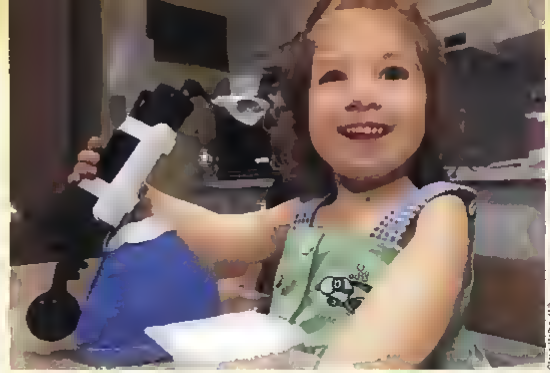
The Earth wobbles ever so slightly, as though it were a spinning top gradually slowing down. In fact, there are several wobbles associated with the planet rotating on its axis, including one named after Seth Carlo Chandler Jr., an American businessman and astronomer who discovered it in 1891. For more than a century, scientists have been unable to explain the cause of the Chandler wobble, in which the North Pole swings out 12 m from its centre, completing a single loop every 433 days. Now, one scientist thinks he can explain why it happens.

In a paper published in *Geophysical Research Letters*, Richard Gross of NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif., suggests that the motion is due to pressure fluctuations on the bottom of the ocean caused by variations in water temperature and salinity. Shifts in ocean currents caused by wind also play a role, says Gross, as do changes in atmospheric pressure. If correct, the new information will likely improve the navigation systems of interplanetary spacecraft, which rely, in part, on precise measurements of Earth's constantly changing rotation and orientation in space.



Patenting life

The Federal Court of Appeal has ruled that Harvard University can obtain a Canadian patent for a mouse genetically altered to develop cancer for research purposes. Federal government lawyers argued that the mouse did not qualify as an invention. But, in a 2 to 1 decision that quashed a lower court judgment, the court held that the Harvard mouse is clearly a "new and useful composition of matter" as required by the Patent Act. The landmark decision may clear the way for the patenting of higher life forms that are genetically altered—the only exception are humans, whom the court said cannot be owned. The mouse was already patented in the United States, Europe and Japan.



Steve Hatke, AP

Steady as she goes

Four-year-old Samantha Crabtree enjoys eating pudding at a hospital in Virginia using the SteadySpoon, built by Handle With Care Inc. of Agoura Hills, Calif. Samantha, whose hand motion is limited by a birth defect that locks her joints, ordinarily could not hold a utensil steady enough to feed herself. But Sam Aronow, the company's president, says the $75 spoon is counterbalanced in such a way that people with limited motor skills are able to eat on their own. "I can literally turn my hand upside down," says Aronow, "and the spoon will stay level."

Mass appeal

Most users of Palm hand-held computers, which cost as much as $700, are affluent men and their average age is 40. Palm wants to change that with the introduction of the m100. At $229, the m100 is Palm's least-expensive digital organizer, replacing the IIIe. Unlike its predecessor, the m100 comes with software to update files on a Mac desktop computer, and link to a PC with Microsoft Outlook to download e-mail. AvantGo software, also included, permits users to download content from the Web. The m100, with two megabytes of memory, has a new Palm feature that allows users to write short notes in their own handwriting. Several separately sold coloured faceplates are available, part of Palm's push to attract more women and younger users with style and price.

Palm's m100: note-taking made easier



Cool site

Ask away

If your child asks whether frogs sleep and you don't know the answer, try a Web site called Ask Dr. Universe at *www.wsu.edu/DrUniverse*. Hosted by Washington State University, the site "tackles all questions, not just science." Visitors can search the site to see whether their question has already been asked and answered, or they can e-mail a query. The site administrator then calls on the appropriate faculty member for the answer. Any questions?

Danylo Hawaleshka

On track for Sydney



Peter Bregg/Maclean's

From left, Gilbert, Surin, Betty and Bailey a resolve to defend their relay title

Canada's best are vying for Olympic team spots at this week's trials in Victoria

Despite 40° C heat that made the burnt-orange track at the University of Texas in Austin shimmer, Bruny Surin was getting ready for yet another training run. With coach Dan Pfaff watching closely, stopwatch in hand, Surin was completely focused, lost in the rap beat pounding out of his Walkman as he shook the tension out of each leg and arm. Finally, he doffed the headphones, pulled off his T-shirt and, with sweat streaming down his bare torso, bent at the waist and cocked a leg behind him. Ready, set ...

"*GO BROOOONSY!*" The quiet and Surin's concentration were completely shattered by a piercing shout coming from trackside benches where training partners Glenroy Gilbert, Trevino Betty and the loudmouthed culprit, Donovan Bailey, were resting. Instead of exploding down the track, Surin crumpled with laughter. He turned and wagged a finger in mock reproach, only to have another round of insults and catcalls hurled his way. Surin shrugged them off, then reset and took off as only a world-class sprinter can. When he sauntered back to the rest area, the others were still yammering and he was still grinning. "You can't take anything too seriously," he says later. "Those guys won't let you."

Bulletin going into the Aug. 11 to 13 Canada Dry Track & Field Championships in Victoria, and just weeks before the start of the Summer Olympics in Sydney, Australia, Canada's top sprinters were once again the Fun Bunch. In fact, the good-natured ribbing at their training sessions strongly resembles the easy relations the sprinters enjoyed before they left for Atlanta four years ago. They claim the much-publicized bickering between Surin and Bailey last year, over who should run the covered anchor leg of the 4 x 100 relay at the world championships, is behind them, overtaken by a burning resolve to defend the Olympic relay title they won in 1996. That resolve was shaken a little when Bailey pulled a hamstring in a meet last week in Stockholm, and was likely to withdraw from the nationals in Victoria. But he vowed to be ready for Sydney. "We have lots of time now," he said. "I'm not really worried."

www.macleans.ca
for links

Bailey's woes aside, this week's track and field Olympic trials boast 30 competitors who have already achieved the necessary international standing to qualify for the Games. Among them are Kevin Sullivan, who set a new Canadian mile record last month, and Leah Pells, who finished fourth in the 1,500-m in Atlanta. With Mark Boswell, last year's world silver medallist, and rising star Kwaku Boateng, the high-jump competition will have two of the top five jumpers in the world this season. "We are going there," says Boateng, "with the goal that one of us is going to beat the Canadian record."

The men's 100-m, which will be shown live by CTV Sportsnet on Aug. 12, is a race within a race. Even with Bailey on the limp, Surin, the 1999 world silver medallist, will be pushed for top spot. And there will also be a compelling battle for second, third and fourth because those placings may well determine which runners will claim membership on the relay foursome bound for Sydney. The contenders include 1999 team members Betty and Gilbert, 1996 relay member Robert Esmie and newcomers Michael Nicolini, Pierre Browne and Jarek Kulesza. "It's an outstanding field," says Athletics Canada president John Thresher. "It will not be an easy job to make it out of the heats and into the final."

Bailey's absence hurts the Olympic trials. Despite Surin's recent dominance, Bailey was the headliner because fans still remember his wide-mouthed victory in world-record time in 1996. It will hurt more, though, if the injury proves more serious. That could dash Canada's hopes on the track in Sydney, and take the fun out of the bunch.

James Deacon *in Austin*



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Butala. 'my eyes had opened to see what is always there'

Field of miracles

An author evokes her pilgrimage on a patch of land

When Sharon Butala sat down to write her newest book, she was deeply worried about its reception. Butala, 59, is one of the most celebrated writers in Canada, a Governor General's Award nominee and winner of the prestigious Marian Engel Award. For 24 years, she has lived on a remote Saskatchewan ranch near the Montana border, and when she wrote about it in *The Perfection of the Morning* (1994), she stayed on best-seller lists for more than a year. But when Butala started work on *Wild Stone Heart* (HarperFlamingoCanada, 206 pages, $28), the story of one particular field on the ranch, the writer says she "debated and debated and debated" whether she had the courage to go ahead. For what Butala claims she saw on the patch of land, including native spirits, most people would dismiss as delusions. "I knew people would accept what I had to say if I said it was metaphor, or even if I left it vague," she told *Maclean's*. "But I decided that no way was I going to go through what I did to wimp out in the end: this is what really happened to me."

What happened to Butala was that an almost untouched 100 acre section of her husband Peter's land had drawn her with its austere beauty soon after their marriage in 1976. Over the years, Butala writes, she visited the field, thought about it and, eventually, began to *see* it. Or, more precisely, what was in it, things that no one else had seen or could see, things that came and went. Stone circles to start with—the rings of rocks, found all over unplowed prairie, that once held down native teepees—then artifacts, like a baffling white quartz sphere that wasn't there when she returned the next day. Then a single native burial site and, finally, burial cairns in great numbers.

And all the while this was taking place, Butala was experiencing spectacular visions—she vividly describes how an antelope bounding across a road became a dazzling unicorn—and hearing voices in her head. She writes that her house was haunted, and she was weighed down by an inexplicable physical weariness, particularly when she set out for the field. For Butala, always as much a spiritual writer as a naturalist, it would have been simple—and satisfactory for her legion of fans—to have wrapped these experiences into a neat bundle, a parable about modern alienation from nature and its healing power. But Butala is adamant that it was all real—the visions of native women in the field, the creatures of legend. "My eyes had opened," she writes of the unicorn sighting, "*to see what is always there*."

Someone from the spirit world was trying to talk to her, she writes, presumably because she was there, in the field. So she persevered with visits to the site and with wide reading in Plains Indian culture, and the plants and animals of the prairie. She began to realize, in her heart as much as in her mind, "what we had done when we settlers had claimed this land for our own." Not only had Europeans shattered the lives, cultures and very souls of Plains Indians by displacing them from their land, but the settlers didn't even properly value what they had taken. They used the rocks of burial cairns and stone circles to build house foundations, or simply threw them aside so they could plow. In the most sorrowfully lyrical sentence of an elegiac book, Butala writes: "Every stone freighted with tears, with the weight of grief, they should have been too heavy to lift."

Once the writer began to see things from a native perspective—"as far as I am able to, I always stress that," Butala says—matters moved rapidly. The burial cairns that now became visible to her convinced her that a great dying had occurred in the field, and that the unquiet spirits of the dead haunted field and house both. And Butala finally knew what they wanted. Writing *Wild Stone Heart*, Butala saw her tiredness erased. The haunting in her house stopped, and her obsession with the field eased. "I knew when my job was done," she says. "I had told the story as well, as truthfully and as compellingly as I could."

Brian Bethune

Stratospheric seniors

Space Cowboys
Directed by Clint Eastwood

Aside from Woody Allen, no contemporary director has worked both sides of the camera as assiduously as **Clint Eastwood**. But unlike Allen, Eastwood has kept his persona in sane perspective. With *Unforgiven* (1992), his revisionist western, the old master painted his masterpiece, and now *Space Cowboys* offers another ironic self-portrait of an iconic hero stepping out of retirement. Though not in the same league, this is Eastwood's best movie since *Unforgiven*—a crowd-pleasing lark with a daffy, irresistible charm and a surprise payload of excitement.

It's the cinematic equivalent of a reunion tour by a dinosaur rock band. NASA needs to repair an old Russian communications satellite, a relic of the Cold War that is tumbling out of orbit. Mysteriously, it employs an American guidance system, one designed by retired test pilot Frank Corvin (Eastwood). Frank agrees to help, but only if he can go into space to do the job himself. And he insists on bringing along his cohorts from Team Daedalus, test pilots who were grounded in 1958 when NASA sent a chimpanzee into space: Hawk (**Tommy Lee Jones**), Jerry (**Donald Sutherland**) and Tank (**James Garner**).

Space Cowboys is two movies in one—*Grumpy Old Spacemen* with an *Armageddon* booster. The first half is comedy, as the team struggles through astronaut boot camp and into the headlines as "the Ripe Stuff." Then, when they finally lift off, the film turns into a heroic space adventure. Despite an implausible plot and a stock villain—**James Cromwell** chowing down on the scenery as a scheming NASA boss—*Space Cowboys* offers a smooth ride. Eastwood and Jones shoot from the hip, Sutherland steals scenes as a skirt-chasing goof and Garner adds grace notes, while **Marcia Gay Harden** and **Blair Brown** flesh out minor roles as ground-control gals. Authentic NASA locations and convincing effects allow for an action spectacle with a refreshing lack of gimmickry. Eastwood directs much like he acts, with laconic confidence.

Brian D. Johnson



Garner (left), Jones, Eastwood, Sutherland: payload of excitement

Ravers versus city hall

It was reminiscent of a scene from the 1980s teen flick *Footloose*, in which the youth of a Bible Belt town fight city hall for the right to dance. Last week in Toronto, more than 12,000 young people crammed the square and overhanging balconies in front of Toronto's City Hall to save raves. Protesters in baggy phat pants and baseball caps danced to electronic music for five hours in the hope of convincing city council to lift a ban on the all-night dance parties on city-owned property. Complaining that Toronto police often require that more officers be hired for raves than for other events, making the costs prohibitive for party organizers, the protesters were also asking council to establish a set police-crowd ratio. City councillors, sitting in chamber, clearly heard the music—they asked that it be turned down. They got the message, too, and decided to rescind the ban.



Demonstrators at the rally: lifting the ban

Roughing it in Nepean

Last week, as the contestants in TV's *Survivor* voted Gervase off the island—leaving Sue, Richard, Colleen, Rudy, Sean and Kelly vying for the $1-million prize—16 Ontarians began their own survivalist competition on a tiny island near the nation's capital. Instead of snakes and rats, they had mosquitoes to contend with. The prize? A comparatively small, but not-to-be-sniffed-at $25,000. As part of the CHUM Group Radio's eight-day Summer Survivor contest, 16 people selected from 2,500 hopefuls began roughing it in the bush on Aug. 1. The contestants, ranging in age from 25 to 52, included a lawyer, a firefighter, a homemaker and an army corporal. By week's end, seven remained on a tiny island in Andrew Haydon Park in the Ottawa suburb of Nepean. Like their TV counterparts, they have immunity challenges—including the assembly of a gas barbecue without instructions. The winning team pulled that off in just 29 minutes.

Best-Sellers

Fiction

		POSITION LAST WEEK
1.	**DEADLY DECISIONS**, Kathy Reichs (1)	
2.	**ANIL'S GHOST**, Michael Ondaatje (18)	1
3.	**THE FOREST**, Edward Rutherfurd (14)	3
4.	**NO GREAT MISCHIEF**, Alistair MacLeod (40)	4
5.	**GEMINI**, Dorothy Dunnett (2)	7
6.	**THE HOUSE ON HOPE STREET**, Danielle Steel (4)	2
7	**OMERTA**, Mario Puzo (3)	6
8.	**THE BRETHREN**, John Grisham (26)	10
9.	**WHEN WE WERE ORPHANS**, Kazuo Ishiguro (10)	5
10.	**CALCULATING GOD**, Robert Sawyer (3)	9

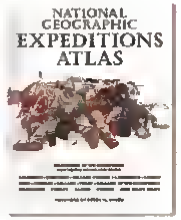
Nonfiction

1.	**IN A SUNBURNED COUNTRY**, Bill Bryson (6)	1
2.	**FIVE DAYS IN LONDON**, John Lukacs (28)	8
3	**FROM DAWN TO DECADENCE**, Jacques Barzun (1)	
4	**RELATIONSHIP RESCUE**, Phillip McGraw (5)	9
5	**'TIS**, Frank McCourt (43)	10
6	**HOW TO KNOW GOD**, Deepak Chopra (23)	3
7	**THE PAPAL SIN**, Gary Wills (8)	6
8.	**IT'S NOT ABOUT THE BIKE**, Lance Armstrong (2)	5
9	**TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE**, Mitch Albom (1)	
10.	**FRESH AIR FIEND**, Paul Theroux (4)	7

() Weeks on list
Compiled by Brian Bethune

Thrills and chills

From ocean depths to the world's highest peaks, from polar ice caps to equatorial jungles, the *National Geographic Expeditions Atlas* (National Geographic) is a lavishly illustrated compendium of farflung quests. The volume is populated by such renowned figures as Sir Edmund Hillary, Jacques Cousteau, Charles Lindbergh, John Glenn and Jane Goodall. And it offers an impressive variety of escapades for armchair adventurers. The hundreds of photos include images of Canadian Biruté Galdikas communing with orangutans in Borneo, Theodore Roosevelt exploring Brazil's Rio da Duvida in 1914, Amelia Earhart visiting Irish farmers in 1932 after flying solo across the Atlantic. The book also features dozens of historic and newly created maps.





Satan's kids

The forces of darkness continue to thrive on the big screen with this summer's supernatural thriller *Bless the Child*. Kim Basinger plays a New York City nurse who unofficially adopts the infant daughter of her wayward sister, Jenna (Angela Bettis). But when the child is six, Jenna and her new husband (Rufus Sewell) abduct the girl. It turns out that several other children with the same birth date have also gone missing. An FBI agent who specializes in occult-related crime, played by Jimmy Smits, takes on the investigation.

Basinger (left), occult-related murders

Pop Movies

1.	**What Lies Beneath** (204/2)	$3 323 849
2	**Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps** (218/1)	$2,545 100
3.	**X-Men** (234/3)	$2,260 247
4	**Scary Movie** (226/4)	$1,303,964
5	**The Perfect Storm** (157/5)	$1 154 022
9.	**Pokémon: The Movie 2000** (218/2)	$1 138,050
7	**The Patriot** (225/6)	$621 885
9.	**Loser** (138/2)	$581,910
8.	**Disney's The Kid** (118/4)	$511 448
10.	**Chicken Run** (132/6)	$381 113

Top movies in Canada, ranked according to box-office receipts during the seven days that ended on August 3. (In brackets: numbers of screens / weeks showing.)
Source: Entertainment Data Inc.

Last tangle, in Montreal

Screen legend Marlon Brando has long been reputed to be difficult. He reinforced that image during a recent film shoot in Montreal. Sources on the set of *The Score*, the story of a retired jewel thief (Brando) coerced into returning to his former life by a younger criminal portrayed by Ed Norton, charged that the actor terrorized crew and cast members with his eccentric and curmudgeonly ways. Brando, 76, reportedly appeared for his close-up shots wearing nothing below his expansive waist. One accessory that he demanded, but was denied, was an earpiece so that his lines could be fed to him. It took another film legend, co-star Robert De Niro—whom Brando tried without success to get to direct his scenes—to say no to the big guy.



Brando trouble



Allan Fotheringham

Raunchy old Moose Jaw

There is, we know, the standard whipping boy when you want to make fun of the Prairies Moose Jaw Ranking up there with Otter Haunch, Alta , and Gopher Breath, Man

Moose Jaw (believed to be from the Cree word "Moosegaw," meaning "warm breezes") Moose Jaw, just a jump along the highway west of Regina, has taken the abuse valiantly over the years, providing amusement for passing travel writers and stand-up comedians It has scarcely complained Now it's getting even.

It's got a secret past and, like the scarlet lady, is letting everyone in on the facts For some 75 years, city fathers denied the rumours about a mysterious network of tunnels running underneath this quiet little city that once was one of the wildest fleshpots on the frontier

Only when a heavy truck collapsed the pavement on Main Street and disappeared into a large hole did the juicy truth come out The underground maze, redolent of a Chinese ghetto and Al Capone's gangsters, is now the hottest tourist ticket in town

Local product Danny Guillaume, now operating out of Vancouver, has made a theatrical production out of one of our historical disgraces and the raunchy "Little Chicago" of its time Moose Jaw has to be taken seriously now

When the CPR was stretching steel to the Pacific, dollar-a-day Chinese labourers were welcome Through the treacherous Fraser Canyon, a commission later estimated, up to four Chinese per mile perished through rock slides and drowning in the 1880s

When the "yellow peril" hysteria hit Western Canada, panicky Ottawa imposed its infamous head tax, which rose to $500 per Chinese immigrant by 1903 By 1911, 162 Chinese had made it to Moose Jaw By 1921, there were 188, only 11 of them female

Unable to pay the head tax, the Chinese went underground, using the tunnels under buildings in downtown Moose Jaw and doing work for above-the-ground cafés and laundries. They raised children in rat-infested darkness The tunnels snake underneath what is still the main drag in town, good old Main Street.

It was all changed by booze, also known as Prohibition By that time, primitive little Saskatchewan contained 406 bars, 38 wholesale liquor dealers, 12 clubs and 23 "dispensaries " As luck would have it, Saskatchewan ended Prohibition in 1924, nine years before the Americans did



That left Moose Jaw, smack on the Soo Line that ran south to the United States, a convenient bootleg retreat for the Chicago mob. Al Capone's boys found the tunnels the perfect base. Laurence (Moon) Mullin, a Moose Jaw native now 89, as an 11-year-old messenger boy in the tunnels, got 20 cents from the gangsters for running every errand He remembers that some rotgut whisky was distilled in Saskatchewan, but the good stuff came from the Bronfmans in Montreal

Quiet little Moose Jaw? The town that had become known as The Buckle on the Wheat Belt turned into the Sodom and Gomorrah of Saskatchewan The tunnels were now full of gamblers, prostitution and bootleg warehouses Brothels lined River Street.

Things were helped along by chief of police Walter P Johnson, the most infamous lawmaker in the West, who took his cut from the bootleggers. Nancy Gray, a Moose Jaw local, has written that her late father, Bill Beamish, a barber, used to be called to the tunnels to cut Capone's hair

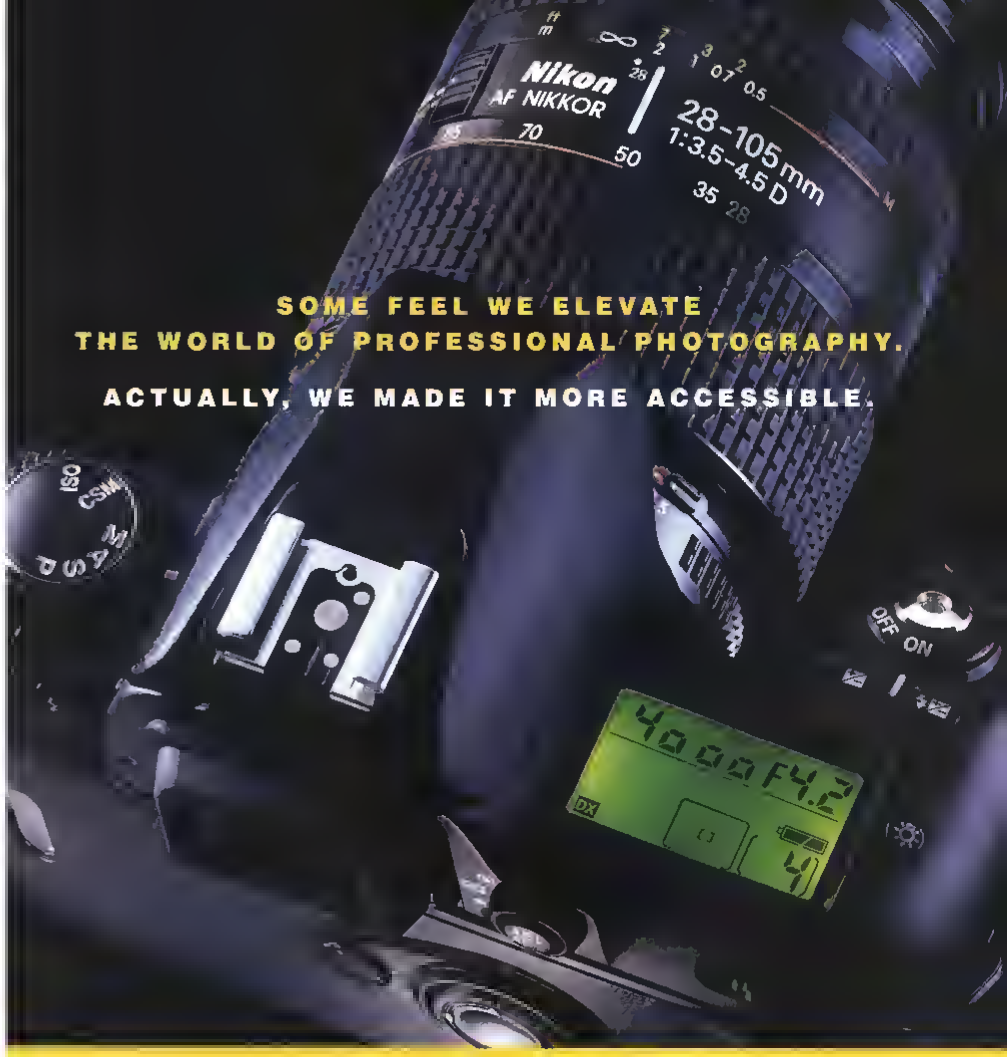
Now that they've repaired the hole in the pavement, impresario Guillaume has restored the tunnels to their original atmosphere. There are two tours for the tourists, one through the dreadful conditions of the hidden Chinese inhabitants, the other re-creating the gangster haunts Local actors impersonate some of the characters who survived in the hidden past of a city that pretended not to know

Next year will come a facelift for sinful old River Street and a 400-seat amphitheatre to bring back its history.

Rejuvenated Moose Jaw also displays the Temple Gardens Mineral Spa—"an oasis on the prairies"—that harnesses shockingly hot mineral water that was discovered accidentally in 1910 when someone was drilling for oil On the floor of the spa's hotel room is a Jacuzzi larger than the king-size bed, the rooftop pool wanders from inside to the open air and frigid people drive 300 miles in January to get thawed in it

There is also the four-day Festival of Words that attracts more than 50 writers, poets, Governor General's Award winners, singers and others rather surprised by how the old girl has spruced herself up and is feeling jaunty

OK? Got it? No one makes fun of Moose Jaw anymore. That's an order



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